CANTERBURY

OLD AND NEW

1850 - 1900.

A Souvenir of the Jubilee.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/canterburyoldnew00newziala

WILLIAM REECE, Esq.,

President, N.Z.N.A., Christchurch Centre.

CANTERBURY . .

OLD AND NEW

1850-1900.

A SOUVENIR OF THE JUBILEE.

Christchurch, Wellington & Dunedin.

WHITCOMBE & TOMBS LIMITED.

DU
430
C3C36
1900

To

Mrs. William Reece

This Souvenir of the

Canterbury Jubilee,

by the Editors,

Is respectfully dedicated.

2088283

The Committee of the Christchurch Branch of the N. Z. Natives' Association wishes to record its hearty thanks to the contributors of papers and photographs; also to the Editors, the Misses E. Stevenson and Lilian Smith, Rev. F. Dunnage, and Messrs. D. Bates, F. C. B. Bishop, S Hurst Seager, and F. D. Waller, who have devoted a great deal of time to collecting the papers and editing the work.

WM. REECE,
President

CONTENTS.

PREFACE 9

I.—INTRODUCTION 11

SECTION I.

II.—The Story of the "Pilgrim Fathers" of New Zealand—*Mrs. T. O. Hay* 15

III.—"Peninsula and Plain"—*S. C. Farr* 37

IV.—The Sumner Road—*Hon. C. C. Bowen, M.L.C.* ... 58

V.—Canterbury Settlement—*William Pratt* 67

VI.—Reminiscences of Early Days—*G. Dunnage* ... 99

VII.—"Escapades of Mackenzie" / "Meeting of Bishops Selwyn and Harper" } *E. W. Seager* 107

VIII.—"Sheep-driving in the Early Days"—*Sir John Hall, K.C.M.G.* 121

IX.—South Canterbury—*E. Holdgate* 128

SECTION II.

X.—The Maori—Origin, Life and Legends—*David Bates, B.A., LL.B.* 142

XI.—Historic Outline of the Canterbury Maoris—*Rev. F. Dunnage* 160

XII. Notes on Maori Art—*S. Hurst Seager, A.R.I.B.A.* ... 171

SECTION III.

XIII.—Plants and Animals of Canterbury—*Arthur Dendy, D.Sc., F.L.S.* 178

XIV.—A Glimpse into the Alps of Canterbury—*L. Cockayne* 107

PREFACE.

ANYONE who considers what Canterbury is to-day and what she was fifty years ago must be filled with admiration for those early settlers we well name the "pioneers." A grand race they were full of courage, energy, perseverance and wisdom. But they are passing away now one by one, and their work is falling on the shoulders of native-born New Zealanders, whose birth has been contemporaneous with the birth of the colony. Happily there still remain many old colonists to assist us with their wisdom and experience, but the Jubilee Year will mark the point whence the fortunes of Canterbury will depend more directly on her own sons.

It was with the object of helping to make these sons worthy of the task before them that the Canterbury Branch of the New Zealand Natives' Association was founded. Our Society concerns itself with everything that is native to New Zealand. Most of its work is necessarily hidden from the public gaze, but from time to time it has come out of its seclusion, and in several ways has given some small idea of the manner in which it endeavours to assist its members. It now appears in a new role.

One of its chief aims is to give its members and New Zealanders generally a better knowledge of their native land, and thus to encourage them to take a keener interest in its welfare and advancement. At the present time there seems to be a real desire among all classes of people in Canterbury to learn something more about the lives that men lived immediately before and immediately after the arrival of the first four ships. During the winter our Society has endeavoured to satisfy this desire, to some extent, by arranging lectures on this subject, and it takes the present opportunity of issuing this little book in order that it may appeal to a wider audience than could be contained by the four walls of a room.

Two courses were open to the editors: to write a connected history of the early days of Canterbury, or to print a series of articles by early pioneers, dealing with that time. We chose the latter because we felt that articles of this description would possess a personal flavour that would be wanting in any mere history. Being written by men who themselves experienced the storm and stress of a pioneer's life, they would have a peculiar charm to those who are descended from the pioneers, or who themselves were contemporaries of our contributors and actors in the scenes which they describe.

At the outset the editors felt some diffidence in asking our contributors for articles, but their response to our request was so hearty and the interest they evinced in our work so kindly that they formed the happiest augury for our future success. Through their kindness we are enabled to present to the public a book which will throw much light on the early history of Canterbury, while at the same time it will give young New Zealanders a good idea of what manner of men their forefathers were. Old pioneers, we trust, will also find considerable pleasure in turning over its pages; for it will recall to their memories their struggles, and privations and well-earned triumphs.

A book such as this would not be complete without some few words about those earliest of all pioneers—the Maoris. Our Society naturally feels great interest in the customs and legends of this race, and a great admiration for the splendid qualities which make it one of the finest aboriginal races in the world. There is a wide field for investigation in its history, and we have only been able to touch the fringe of it. Our hope is that what little we have done may arouse the interest of our readers, and encourage them to study the question for themselves.

Not the least interesting part of our book are those pages which deal with the native fauna and flora of Canterbury When the white man first landed on the shores of Canterbury he found native plant and animal life very abundant, but unfortunately there has been shameful and wasteful destruction, and now it is only found in a few places, and those not easily accessible to dwellers in the city. Hence descriptions such as we are able to publish become all the more interesting because some of the things described may soon disappear altogether.

Here and there throughout the book will be found pictures of modern Canterbury and of beautiful scenes in Canterbury. The former are printed in order that our readers may be able to compare them with the pictures of old Canterbury, and thus get some faint idea of the progress which has been made in fifty years. It may occur to the reader that we might have made the contrast more striking by giving photos of some of the principal buildings and streets in the towns. This, however, has been so well done by our splendid illustrated weekly papers, that we purposely chose, for the most part, those scenes whose chief charm was their natural beauty.

Owing to want of space we were very reluctantly compelled to curtail some of the contributions and to exclude others altogether.

In conclusion, we feel that we have by no means exhausted our subject, and may at some future time return to it. Our object will have been accomplished if we have given New Zealanders a greater interest in their native land. We trust that our little book will be like "Sam Weller's Valentine," it will make the reader wish for more.

EDITORS

INTRODUCTION.

THE pioneer settlers of this the land of our nativity laid the sure foundations for a happy, prosperous people, who to-day must rear the structure that shall endure against the rude assaults of time.

Fleetly the moments are passing when authentic records of the past may be garnered. Many of the noble old Maori Chiefs, the bards of their tribe, have gone to their long last rest: not in such inspiriting words may again be told past deeds of mighty prowess, none again may utter the weird chant of mourning o'er the dead, and forgotten passes the low-toned music of mountain legend and river lore. Will not the Natives of New Zealand even now come to the rescue and save "these legends of a nation that like voices from afar off call to us to pause and listen?" It was from such as these the mysteries of Hiawatha were revealed to delight both young and old, and the Idylls of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table grew beneath the master hand. We, too, may prepare the way for the coming of a Tennyson, or give to the world a rival of Longfellow.

The historian has shaped for us the main outlines of the coming of the Maoris, their long tribal wars and the early history of the settlement. Ours is the task to glean the details, to fit each record into its true setting and see that no part of the structure is incomplete.

Too often the only monument to our pioneers is "a half-effaced inscription in some neglected graveyard." What a happy hunting ground lies before the inimitable story-tellers! For the writer in search of a theme the material will not easily be exhausted. A sympathetic hand may lead forth the spirits of the departed to live again in recalling their adventurous feats, acts of daring, unselfish service and kindly counsels, their fund of witty sayings and humorous anecdotes, the stories of hardships bravely borne and generous

noble deeds. No longer should be left to those of meaner aim the inaccurate or imperfect record of battle song and legendary story, nor to the mere lover of sensation the unveiling of the Past. In the onward march of time a Kipling may wake again the echoes of those days, or a Prescott revel in the material prepared for the making of history.

Much has been heard of the glories and charms of New Zealand scenery. Vivid word pictures, aided by the photographer's art, can describe the rugged mountain top and bush-clad hill, dazzling glacier fields and seas of glorious blue, calmly flowing placid streams reflecting stately giants of the forest clasped by swaying tendrils of dainty hue, mighty rivers sweeping o'er smiling plains enriched from age to age by the waters that at times break every bound, weird lonely mountain peaks that seem to woo the stars and deign not to gaze down upon the lakes of purest sapphire or palest turquoise that humbly kiss their feet, making nor sigh nor moan save when the angry winds break from the confines of the rocky gorge and lash to foam the tranquil waters in their boundless fury. Pen and pencil can sketch something of the wonders of the seething pools, turbulent geysers and fairy grottos of the north ; the hidden caves, terraced steps and smoking domes, where the pulse of nature still wildly throbs, and distant mutterings and ominous upheavals seem to protest against man's intrusion into this her newest, latest realm.

From the hills of Banks' Peninsula the Pilgrim Fathers gazed across the rich alluvial deposits of the Canterbury rivers to the great source alike of stream and field—the mountains far beyond.

The stern expression of the Central ranges in their wrinkled, snowy, cold old age was softened by the distance : yet their majesty and power remained, though no more was felt the mighty upheaval of earthquake or crash of fearful avalanche. And now, millions of sheep among these pastoral hills paint nature laid to rest, her volcanoes hushed and still, and the boisterous icy breath of the anarctactic blast subdued by the warmer influence of the North.

A few miles only from the bush that stretches its dark arms to heaven, or from the wild and rugged mountains and

we are in arable country of the most perfect richness, with its golden corn glowing from field to field, its comfortable homesteads with fruitful orchards and flowery gardens—homesteads that are not trim and laborious, but with a peculiar carelessness and largeness in all their details, harmonizing with the promise of their country, a generous land, bright with capricious plenty and laughing in fitful fulness from sunny upland to the glistening sands upon its shore. Even the dark masses of sombre, almost impenetrable bush, that in parts clothe the ridges do not sadden the landscape, but seem to have been set there chiefly to show how bright everything else is round them; and all the clouds look of purer silver, and the air seems filled with brighter and more beneficent sunshine against the dark, cool bands of living green; the sun-browned russet of the tussock slope takes on a warmer tint, and for the distant dweller on the plain sets in more intense relief "the purple of the everlasting hills."

What language can depict the dance of the clouds, decked forth in all the colours of the rainbow, when driven before the west wind? Then Nature herself turns painter and produces the glory and beauty of her power in the endless forms of the clouds, each assuming varying tints, which can only be conceived while they are visible and vanish as quickly as formed.

No marvel that the Natives regard their Island home, so rich in story as a source of wonder, delight and inspiration to painter, preacher, poet. Touched by Nature's bounteous hand, encircled by golden hopes and set in happy days, to the nations they would tell thy charms of forest, sea and plain, of mountains and of rivers, New Zealand thou gem of the Southern Seas!

E. STEVENSON.

A MEMENTO OF CANTERBURY'S JUBILEE, 1900.

THE "PILGRIM FATHERS" OF CANTERBURY.

PERIOD FROM APRIL, 1843, TO DECEMBER 1850.

THE history of the colonization of New Zealand really began in 1807, when the Rev. Samuel Marsden, who had been Senior Chaplain at Port Jackson, enlisted the aid of the Church Missionary Society to establish a Mission Station in New Zealand. In 1810 he got two lay catechists ready to help the natives to learn civilization and useful crafts. Owing to the massacre of the crew and passengers of the ship "Boyd," bound to England from Port Jackson, some years' delay was caused. This ill-fated ship touched, in passing, at Whangaroa; there the natives seized the voyagers, killed and ate them. Four only out of between 70 and 80 persons escaped, viz, a woman, two girls, and a cabin boy, belonging to New South Wales, who after terrible experiences got into a more peaceful part of the coast, and ultimately reached Sydney. The "Boyd" was burned by the natives.

The missionaries waited in Parramatta till it was deemed safe to land in New Zealand. In 1814 Governor McQuarrie (of New South Wales) gave Mr. Marsden leave to go and begin, provided he found the natives peaceful. The brig "Active" was despatched to Bay of Islands to find out. The report being satisfactory, Mr. Marsden started on a three months' leave of absence, accompanied by Catechists Hall, King, Nicholson, and Kendall; the latter afterwards was appointed Magistrate in Bay of Islands. On landing Mr. Marsden preached from the text—"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy." The natives were much impressed by his manner, although they knew not what he

said. They afterwards danced the war dance as a ritualistic ceremony of their own. Mr. Marsden left the Catechists there, visiting them in 1819. The brig "Active," which Mr. Marsden purchased, was kept running between Port Jackson and Bay of Islands, so the catechists were not left quite forlorn.

In 1825 the first New Zealand Association was formed in London. The ship "Rosanna" was fitted out to explore New Zealand coasts and convey settlers there, under command of Captain Herd, a good seaman, who knew the coast of New Zealand well. The expedition arrived in Hauraki Gulf in 1826, reached Bay of Islands next, and then proceeded to Hokianga, where Captain Herd purchased some land from the natives, which is known as "Herd's Point" to this day. A war dance at one of the places so frightened the emigrants that all except four men insisted on being conveyed back to England, it having been stipulated that they could do so if they wished. The four who remained were Messrs. McLean, Nimmo, Gillies, and Nesbet, if we may judge by their names, all Scotchmen. The "Rosanna" returned to Sydney, where the stores of the expedition were sold by auction, after which she sailed with her passengers back to England. The cost of this failure of an expedition was £20,000.

In 1831 thirteen Bay of Island chiefs applied to King William IV. for British protection. The following year Mr. James Busby, a civil engineer, was appointed Resident Governor. He was brought out by H.M.S. "Imogene" to his Residency at Waitangi, Bay of Islands, in 1833, and remained there until 1837. Captain Hobson was then sent to protect British interests. He proposed that industries be established, and a treaty made with the New Zealand chiefs for recognition of the same and protection of British subjects and property. This was called the "Treaty of Waitangi."

In the same year (1837) the New Zealand Association was formed, Mr. Francis Baring being chairman. Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Lord Glenelg discussed ways and means in Parliament. After some delays Mr. Wakefield formed a New Zealand Land Company, of which Lord Durham was appointed Governor and Mr. Joseph

Somes Deputy-Governor. In May, 1839, the "Tory" sailed with Colonel Wakefield and a company of surveyors on board. After a passage of 96 days and some further voyaging about Cook's Straits on land purchasing expeditions, they took formal possession of Port Nicholson on the last day of September, 1839.

Dr. Francis Logan, of Glasgow, a surgeon in the Royal Navy, had been sent by the British Government some time previously to Sydney in charge of a batch of convicts. On their return voyage they called at Hokianga for a load of spars for navy ships. This gave Dr. Logan an opportunity of gaining information about the climate and suitability of the country as a field of enterprise. He took an active part in assisting the New Zealand Land Company's colonization projects, being impressed with the capabilities of the country. The fact that he himself elected New Zealand as his future home gave his recommendations of the distant land all the more force. Through his agency several of his personal friends decided to go out, amongst them Mr. Ebenezer Hay, youngest son of Mr. James Hay, Mid-Buiston, Ayrshire, Scotland. On 27th October, 1839, Mr. Hay married Agnes, fifth daughter of Mr. Thomas Orr, Annandale, Ayrshire, Scotland. On the 29th October they went on board their ship, the "Bengal Merchant," then lying at the "Tail of the Bank," Greenock. Dr. Logan, who had been appointed medical officer for this ship, was accompanied by his wife and infant son. Between Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Hay a strong warm friendship existed from that time onwards throughout their lives.

The parting with the dear ones at home was inexpressibly sad, there being little or no hope of any meeting again. The thought of them going to a wild country to be the prey most likely of cannibal savages would obtrude itself on the minds of the broken-hearted parents and relatives, all of whom were opposed to their going. The time was mercifully short for the preparations, in one month from the day the "die was cast," they were to sail. They took with them a large assortment of clothing, blankets, napery, calico, silk, flannel, tweeds, haberdashery of all kinds, besides every conceivable household utensil likely to be needed in their distant home. They had also large casks

of sugar, oatmeal, molasses, and general groceries. The casks were used in after years as wash-tubs and pickling-tubs, after being cut in two. A large crate of crockery—a wedding gift—arrived at the end of its long journey intact, not a cup broken, thanks to careful packing. One huge box, notably a family one, held in its spacious depths feather beds, mattresses, pillows, besides innumerable articles ranging from a needle to an anchor, and in after years was frequently used as a reserve bed for a child or two in times of need. This box was so heavy that on arrival it could not be put into the ship's boat to land it, but had to be towed ashore. After being immersed in the sea for more than half an hour one would reasonably suppose the contents to be somewhat damaged, but not so, they were hardly even damp—another triumph of good workmanship and packing.

The "Bengal Merchant," under command of Captain Henley, carried 120 passengers, all of whom—save one boy who died of sunstroke—reached New Zealand in good health on 12th February, 1840, after a voyage of 104 days.

Three other ships were equipped about the same time, or rather earlier—viz., the "Ariel," "Aurora," and "Roxburgh." The first to arrive in New Zealand was the "Aurora," a fortnight before the "Bengal Merchant," which was the last of these *first four* ships to sail and arrive. None of the passengers had yet landed permanently; the men only went on shore daily to build "whares" (houses), where they could find sheltered spaces or make clearings. The rain poured down incessantly for over a fortnight, hiding the land completely from view, and adding to the forlornness and misery of these first trying weeks. When at length the ships had to sail away many of their passengers were still homeless. Dr. and Mrs. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, and another family named Wilson found temporary shelter in a tent made with ships' sails, which they divided into compartments for the three families by piling up their boxes to form partitions, and hanging blankets or sails up between their quarters. Here they had perforce to sit with umbrellas over them, under the dripping sails, till their courage all but failed them.

Some of these earliest settlers brought with them curiously incongruous articles, such as house-bells, skates, birds-eyes! Strange to say, the last-named turned out a good speculation, an adventurous bird-stuffer bought up the supply for future use. Vague too were their ideas about their adopted country. One Scotchwoman bewailed the want of "parks and kye" (cows), both of which she expected to see as soon as the "fug" (mist) lifted! The swarthy Maoris, with their wild ways, the constant proximity of prying eyes and light fingers, gave plenty of excitement to even the most unsophisticated of the "pakehas" (strangers), all of whom learned wisdom and wariness by experience. The Maoris were on the whole very friendly, even protective in their care of the newcomers, especially the Ngatiawa tribe, amongst whom they landed at Petone pah. Epuni, the chief of the Ngatiawas, was a noble specimen of a man, physically and mentally. His friendship for the pakehas was sincere, and his influence over his people gave a comforting sense of security to the settlers, who found they could trust to his fairness whenever they had occasion to appeal to him. The very first sight of the redoubtable Ngatiawa warriors, however, proved nearly as disconcerting to our new-comers as the same exhibition did to the passengers of the "Rosanna" fourteen years previously. Before any of them had landed from their ships, while they lay at anchor under the lee of Somes' Island, a fleet of war canoes, fully manned, came alongside each vessel in turn, and executed the "Haka" (war-dance) in their best style. The sight a never-to-be-forgotten one was almost too much for some of the passengers till it was borne in upon them that the display was in token of welcome—a State ceremony intended as a high honour to the "pakeha."

Having been led to believe the survey ships "Tory" and "Cuba" were to provide materials for house building, Dr. Logan and Mr. Hay did not bring anything of the kind, and consequently were put to greater straits than most of their fellow-passengers, who brought frame-works with them, and got into the shelter of their first homes before the storms arose. The first thing to be done was to cut straight saplings out of the green forests to make frameworks. The

walls were built—or woven, rather—of flax-leaf and toi-toi, strongly laced in and out of the frame of poles or saplings, which, when properly constructed, made a comfortable house. Some improved them by covering the walls with a clay mixture, which made the houses warmer. This was called "wattle and daub." There was more warmth and comfort when they got into their houses, but their furniture was meagre enough. Apart from their comfortable bedding, their boxes, and a few camp stools—which were used also as tables and chairs—they had no furniture until they made it. They got flax mats, made by the Maoris, to lay upon their clay and shingle floors. Windows and doors they had not, until some months later a ship arrived with suitable timber and glass. They curtained window-spaces and door-ways with calico, or in stormy weather barricaded them with wood or flax-straw. Their fire-places were strongly built of stones first, for the hearth and fire-place proper, then for the chimney a framework of supplejacks, thickly plastered with clay within and without. The grass houses, especially those not "daubed," were very inflammable, and soon after their erection an entire row of them was burnt down.

The first township, named "Britannia," was surveyed and laid off across the Haeratonga River, now known as the Hutt. Numbers removed from Petone—then called Peto-one, which means end of the sand—thither, got "whares" (houses) erected, and their goods and chattels conveyed by means of canoes up the river. Scarcely was this done when a flood caused much damage, and many families had to take refuge on the roofs of their whares. Owing to the flood, and the difficulty experienced in landing boats on the exposed beach at Petone, it was decided, after considerable delay and opposition, to change the site of the township to that on which Wellington now stands. The name "Wellington" was adopted as a compliment to the Duke, who had assisted the New Zealand Company with some parliamentary bills. Survey parties were at once sent down to "lay off" the town, which occupied them about twelve months. After the advent of the sixth ship, the "Adelaide," all the vessels arriving berthed at, or near Te Aro, Wellington, where they had safer anchorage, and the land was better suited for a township.

Dr. and Mrs. Logan, and Mr. and Mrs. Hay lived for over two years under one roof on Petone Beach, waiting for the time when they would be enabled to select their lands. There the first three of the Hay family were born—a baby girl, who died in infancy; then James, in June, 1841; followed by Thomas Orr, in October, 1842. The only products of the country being potatoes, maize, kumaras (the native sweet potato), wild pigs, birds, and fish, their food supply was at times precarious. The ships brought out supplies of flour and general stores from time to time; but as the stream of colonists slackened requiring fewer ships to bring them out, the number of souls steadily increased, the demand thus becoming alarmingly greater than the supply. Flour rose to the price of £5 5s. per bag of 200 lbs.—or over 6d. per lb. Butter, beef, and mutton were almost unknown luxuries, there being few domestic animals in the country. The only cow then in Wellington was brought out in the "Bengal Merchant." Years later, when a few sheep were imported from Australia, a leg of mutton cost, in Wellington, 10s. 6d. The native wild cabbage and "rauriki" (sow thistle) were used as vegetables until gardens had been made. One of the troubles of this time was the absence of coin; labour and produce had to be paid for by goods and barter—that is, so much flour or sugar, or an I.O.U. of the party receiving the labour or produce. These I.O.U's were passed on from one to another, then back to the original issuers of them. The natives frequently brought pigs, pigeons, potatoes, etc., which they bartered for a shirt, a blanket, a bit of calico, or coloured handkerchiefs.

In 1841 the "Blenheim" arrived, bringing a full complement of Scotch people, amongst them a Captain and Mrs. Sinclair and family, accompanied by Mrs. Sinclair's brother, Mr. J. Hutcheson (late of Blenheim). The family consisted of three sons and three daughters, all capable, plucky young people.

Captain Sinclair, a clever man as well as a thorough seaman, was not long in New Zealand before he began ship-building, his sons and brother-in-law helping him. They set to work on the Haeratonga River (now called Hutt) to build a schooner, the first operation being to cut down the green timber, and let it season while they

manufactured their tools. Out of old iron plates and hoops they made nails, screws, and bolts, using the butt of an old cannon for their anvil, and making their bellows out of an old musket with a sheep's bladder ingeniously fitted on to it. Fortunately an old sailor appeared on the scene in time to help with the sails, which they found the most difficult to manipulate. This schooner was christened the "Richmond," and proved an excellent sea-boat of 45 tons burden. It is to the late Mr. Hutcheson we are indebted for these details of this first attempt at ship-building in New Zealand. Mr. Hay became part owner of this vessel, and in it Captain Sinclair and he set sail to explore the South Island, after their unsuccessful efforts to obtain land in the North.

The New Zealand Land Company sold "orders" to settlers for £101 each, said orders bearing on the face of them the right to select one acre in a township, and 100 acres of country or suburban land. The survey parties to some extent preceded the colonists through the difficulties they had to face, not the least being the acquirement from the natives of any title or right to the land, or of leave to survey it after getting the right. In the drawing by ballot for the right of selection, those who drew high numbers were obliged to wait until the holders of prior numbers had chosen their lands. Mr. Hay held a high number; consequently, although he made selections again and again, they were at once appropriated by holders of prior numbers, who, knowing his practical knowledge of good land, were ever ready to take possession of his choice. This, though quite within their rights, was very hard on Mr. Hay, and became monotonous, especially after he had explored all the districts around Wellington, Wai-nui-omata, and even Manawatu (80 miles distant) on foot.

In 1841 Mr. Hay's nephew—the late Mr. John Hay, of Barbrafield, Temuka—arrived in the "Mandarin," and was thereafter closely associated with Mr Hay and family. He accompanied Mr. Hay on his third and last trip to the Manawatu, where he had, as he thought, finally chosen his land. The place he chose was on the banks of the Orarua River, a tributary of the Manawatu, where there was no lack of rich land. It is now known as one of the finest districts in New Zealand. Here they were met by an obdurate chief,

PIGEON BAY.

who told them the land had not been sold, nor had the Maoris parted with any of their rights of ownership—which was true ; it was 25 years later that the Maoris *first* sold any of these lands. The chief, though friendly, told them frankly, "I will not kill your people, but as fast as you build *I will burn*." Seeing they were in earnest Messrs. Hay felt it would be folly to test them further, and returned to Wellington baffled in spirits. Captain Sinclair had also returned from Wanganui disappointed, and after consulting together they decided to ask Colonel Wakefield to be allowed to select in the South Island. Permission was granted, and they were promised protection in their right of possession in future, when the New Zealand Company should proceed to form settlements there. Satisfied with this promise, they sailed in the "Richmond" to explore the South Island.

Port Cooper (now Lyttelton Harbour) was their first port of call. On reaching the head of the harbour they dropped anchor, furled sails, and pulled their boat up to high water mark, then scrambled up the hill, reaching the summit at the point now known as Gebbie's Pass. Here they got a bird's-eye view of Lake Ellesmere, which they mistook for the ocean! On returning they found their boat separated from the water by a long mud flat. This, coupled with the accident of ascending the hills at a point where the magnificent Plains of Canterbury were hidden from view, decided our voyagers that this was not their goal. Had they made a more thorough examination of the hills around they would probably have decided to settle on the plains, as did the Messrs. Deans. As they continued their journey Pigeon Bay attracted their attention, but they passed on to see yet more of the south lands. Finally they reached Otakau (now Otago), and wandered all over the site of Dunedin, but seeing no place to rival Pigeon Bay for natural beauty, apparent fertility, and easy access by sea, they decided to seek no further. On their way back they called at Moeraki, and bought a cargo of potatoes from the Maoris there. This was the first shipment of native produce ever taken into Wellington market.

On their return to Wellington they found Messrs. W. and J. Deans waiting to make arrangements for the

conveyance of themselves and Messrs. Manson's and Gebbie's families to Port Cooper. Messrs. Deans had also effected an exchange of their land orders, and having seen the plains, had selected "Poteringamotu" (place of an echo), now called Riccarton Estate. This very spot had been selected twice before, and abandoned, the second time by a Mr. Heriot, who was the first to stick a plough in Canterbury soil. After a few months stay he abandoned it, as unfit for colonisation, leaving a stack of straw and a few acres of land ploughed up. There, on the banks of the River Avon, Messrs. W. and J. Deans erected the first house ever built on the plains. Though put together with wooden pegs, no nails being available, it compared favourably for durability with any house since built. It was pulled down in 1890. Mrs. Deans, senr., has in her possession an interesting picture of this venerable and historical first house, a copy by Mrs. Dr. Hockin, of Dunedin, from a pen and ink sketch done by Mr. Cridland. The river Avon was named by Messrs. Deans after the Avon that bounded their grandfather's property in Lanarkshire, Scotland, and not, as many suppose, after the Avon that flows through Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford, in Warwickshire.

Though not generally known, it is an interesting fact that the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale (eldest son of the Prince of Wales) obtained one of his Dukedoms from that romantic Dale of Avon. Famous in history, through the exploits of the "Black Douglas,"* it is also renowned in poetry, "Evandale" it was called in those far-back times. Sir Walter Scott's long ballad poem, "Cadzow Castle," dedicated to the Hon. Lady Anne Hamilton, relates an historical event, the death of the Regent Murray, at the hands of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. Cadzow, one of the Duke of Hamilton's estates, is famous also for its wild white cattle, with black ears and noses—the only herd of that kind in Britain. The following two verses of the ballad, "Cadzow Castle," are not inappropriate to our own Avon and its story—

*Note.—See S. R. Crockett's "Black Douglas."

But Cadzow's towers, in ruins laid.
And vaults by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

. . . . .

Then noble maid ! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise :
Lo ! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

Riccarton was named after Messrs. Deans' native parish in Ayrshire, Scotland, and the district was so named in compliment to the estate.

Photo.—R Ross.

RIVER AVON.

In due time the "Richmond" was a third time under weigh for the South, this time with Messrs. Sinclair's and Hay's families on board. They carried with them as part cargo all their stock, consisting of two cows, one calf, a few goats, and some fowls. Cows in those days were costly animals, £70—and even £90—being the price paid for them in Wellington. Early in April, 1843, they reached Pigeon Bay, and at last made their selections; Captain Sinclair taking what is now known as Holmes' Bay, and Mr Hay part of Pigeon Bay Valley, and the run extending to

the east Heads. Their first business was to make a large tent to live in until they could build a house for the two families. The house they finished within three months. It was a wooden and thatched house, long-shaped, one end of which was occupied by the Sinclair family and Mr. J. Hutcheson—nine persons, while the Hay family, consisting of two baby sons—James, aged 1 year and 10 months, and Thomas Orr, aged 5 months—with Mr John Hay—five persons, occupied the smaller half. This arrangement lasted for two years until they each got clearings made, and timber cut down and seasoned for more comfortable houses on their own properties. Before even the thatched house was finished they had to set to work on a more Herculean task. The schooner was sold to Mr. W. B. Rhodes for "10 head of horned cattle, delivered at Akaroa." This sounded well, cattle being a fabulous price; but over the narrow bush track in its original state, the driving of stock was an utter impossibility. They mustered eight capable men—Messrs. Cullen and Wallace having joined them from Wellington—and set to work to widen the track to 6ft. clear. There were 15 miles of rugged bush land and a mountain of 1300ft. to surmount; but by dint of hard labour they completed their task in three weeks, and had the satisfaction of driving their cattle home in one day without difficulty.

In June, 1843, three months after our settlers arrived in Pigeon Bay, the Wairau massacre took place, an event which thrilled all hearts with horror. The quarrel arose through the white people appropriating lands and attempting to survey them without first securing the right from the Maoris by purchase or barter. The matter might have been amicably settled, as many similar disputes were, but for an unfortunate occurrence. Te-Ronga, the wife of the chief, Rangi-Heata, was accidentally shot by an Englishman, and this so enraged the chief that he urged his father-in-law, the redoubtable Te-Rauparaha, to consent to the slaughter of the Englishmen, 22 of whom were massacred—a very few escaped. It was a code of honour with the Maoris to avenge the spilling of blood, especially if a member of a chief's family were the victim. Governor Fitzroy did his best to restore confidence, but it was long before our settlers got over their dread of the Maoris. Immediately following the

news of the massacre, a rumour reached them that a horde of 2000 natives was on the way south to exterminate all the white settlers in the country.

To quote from one of Mr. Hay's letters home, bearing date January, 1844 :—"Some natives found their way to the whale fishery (Kaikoura) and told them there they would all be killed in a day or two. The whole party fled, some to Port Nicholson, Wellington, and one boat's crew came to Port Cooper, Lyttelton, walked over the hills to our bay, and told us 2000 natives were within two days' march of us, killing all the white people as they went along. We could muster about 30 fighting men in the harbour (which included Port Cooper, Port Levy, and Pigeon Bay). We made up our minds to fight to the last, as there was no way of escape; so we cleaned our guns, made bullets, and determined to sell our lives as dearly as we could. But instead of coming here they all went back to the North Island, where they belong to. They are very much afraid of the white people ; they know right well they will yet be punished for what they have done, but nothing can be done until we hear from the Home government."

This threatened raid, though so providentially averted, caused a feeling of anxiety in the minds of the settlers that subsequent events did not tend to allay. Emboldened by these warlike rumours from the north, the Peninsula natives next hatched a plot of their own to massacre every white man, woman, and child in the district ; the fact that they had previously been most friendly made this new departure more alarming. Their plans, as afterwards explained, were as follows :—One party was to come from Port Levy, despatch the Sinclairs and Hays on their march to Akaroa—where there was a French settlement—and leave no living soul there to tell the tale. Another party was to annhilate the Deans, Manson, and Gebbie families on the plains. Their intention was to set fire to the houses on a given night, then club the inmates as they came out. The two parties were then to meet at Ikoraki, a whaling station between Akaroa Heads and Lake Forsythe, and finish off their dreadful work there. Had the plot not been divulged it would have been quite easy of execution ; the settlers having no suspicion of their friendly neighbours, would have been in every case

taken unawares, and immensely outnumbered. It was divulged, however, by the native wife of Mr. Tom White, a well-known American whaler, who then lived in Port Levy, latterly to the end of his long life he lived in Pigeon Bay, where he was much respected. Mrs. White gained the lasting gratitude of all the settlers for her noble action in warning them of their danger, at the risk of her own life. Preparations were at once made for self-defence, and on the appointed night the settlers in each home anxiously awaited the expected attack. Happily the Maoris, who knew the courage of the white man, hearing their plot was known, abandoned the barbarous project; but the families kept themselves prepared for anything that might occur, never relaxing their vigilance over their uncanny neighbours. In Annandale some pistols, which were loaded at that date, were unloaded quite 20 years later, and then the powder exploded. Although not required, the fact that they were ready for use gave a little security to their owners, and no doubt also served as a check to possible assailants. Gradually their fears subsided, and the two families continued friendly with the natives as far as possible. Annandale being nearer the Pah than Craigforth, Mr. Sinclair's home—was more subject to the annoyances experienced by all settlers so situated. The Maori dogs and pigs were so numerous as to be a constant source of trouble, allowed as they were to wander about at their own wills, disturbing cattle and destroying crops. Nor was it of any avail to expostulate; "club-law" was the only redress for these grievances. Mr Hay employed the natives freely in clearing his land, fencing planting, and digging potatoes, etc. He found them on the whole good workers, though they required watching. Mr. Hay, who combined fairness with firmness in his dealings with them, had a happy knack of managing them, and bringing out the best that was in them.

During these early times, owing to their isolation, our Pilgrim Fathers (and Mothers) suffered many privations, at times even scarcity of food and clothing. A voyage to Wellington — their nearest shop — entailed considerable danger, owing to the small size of the few coasting crafts, want of lighthouses, and dangerous nature of the coast; so that they were many times reduced to trying straits. For

two years they could not get boots for the children, and even Mrs. Hay was obliged to wear men's "watertights," the only boots to be had at that time even in Wellington! Fortunaturely, during those palmy days of the whale fisheries, the Peninsula Bays were frequently visited by whaling vessels, and many a want they supplied. The captains were always glad to barter stores for fresh beef, or potatoes, which were then plentiful.

Another danger that threatened the security of these first settlers was the bushranging "scare," when the notorious "Blue-cap" and party visited the country. We are indebted to Mrs. Deans, senr., for details of their visits to Riccarton and Purau, where they succeeded in "sticking up" Messrs. Greenwood, and getting away with their booty. They pinioned two brothers Greenwood, and obliged the third (a young lad) and Mr. William Prebble, of Prebbleton, to carry the plunder to the boat, which they took possession of to cross the Bay on their way back to Riccarton on crime intent—their first visit there being to spy out the land, when they were received without suspicion and hospitably treated. They dared Messrs. Greenwood and Prebble "on pain of death" to leave the beach until they were a certain distance across the Bay. When the robbers were a safe distance off the young men returned, and unbound the brothers. They then walked over the hills to Port Levy, where there were a number of old whalers, who accompanied them in a whale-boat round the Heads, and up the river next morning, anticipating the robbers by some hours. Messrs. Deans armed all hands with what weapons they had, and awaited the arrival of the gang, who quietly pitched their tents in the Riccarton bush. Seeing the station so well defended by armed men and dogs they did not attempt an attack, but in a few days decamped.

The same gang came to Annandale twice also, receiving on both occasions food and shelter. "Blue-cap," who was an evil-looking man, watched Mrs. Hay so narrowly on their first visit that she became alarmed, and begged Mr. Hay and his men not to leave the homestead until the "strangers" went away. They walked to Akaroa, returning in a few days, but by this time their identity was known, and precautions taken. "Blue-cap" was heard to remark to his

LYTTELTON FROM PURAU, 1852.

mates there were "too many burly Scotchmen about these stations." Sometimes, in contrast to these lawless men, they "entertained angels," as when for instance Bishop Selwyn first came to Pigeon Bay, and charmed all—natives as well as colonists—by his culture and courtesy. In every sense the visits of this good and noble man were "like angel's visits—few and far between," for around each one radiate memories of good counsels and pure influences that remained to help and cheer through trying times.

Mr. Hay, Messrs. J. Hay, Wallace, and Cullen—the same young men who assisted in the road-making—were busy about that time, viz., 1845—6, building another vessel, of 40 tons burden, designed for transport of produce to Wellington, as well as to bring stores back.

Captain Sinclair and his sons had completed a schooner for themselves—the "Jessie Millar." In this vessel Captain Sinclair, his son, George, Mr. Wallace, and another man, set sail for Wellington with the year's produce of the two families, and all their savings, which were to be expended on stores and clothing, also sails and rigging for Mr. Hay's new schooner. The "Jessie Millar" was never heard of more, it was supposed she foundered in a heavy sea This sad event—realised after long months of suspense—threw the settlement into deep grief, and caused much loss and suffering. The families were reduced to great privations, before being relieved by the captain of a French whaling vessel, who supplied them with urgently-needed stores. A man named Daymond bought the schooner from Mr. Hay, and remained at Annandale while he finished the rigging and sails. As a compliment to his hostess he named the vessel the "Agnes Hay." In this boat Mr Hay took a business trip to Wellington in 1847.

During these early years, amidst their many trials, Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Hay were drawn closely together, each depending solely on the other for sisterly help and sympathy in all times of difficulty or illness. For some years after the loss of her husband and son, Mrs. Sinclair and her family lived in Wellington, during which time a Mr. McIntosh—who had come out in one of the first four ships to Wellington—leased Craigforth. On Mrs. Sinclair's return Mr. McIntosh and family removed to McIntosh Bay—now known as Menzie's Bay—where they took up land.

The French colony at Akaroa—founded and sent out by the "Nantes Bordelaise Compagnie," whose land was taken possession of by the British before they arrived—provided a fairly good market for dairy produce. Mr. Hay carried the weekly supply of butter (which then brought 2s. 6d. per lb.) in a box strapped on his back, to Akaroa, returning the same day—a walk of 30 miles over a steep, heavy, bush track. His load varied from 30 to 70 lbs., and this journey was undertaken every week, in all weathers, for two years, with no thought of hardship or fatigue.

Horses at that time were rare and valuable animals, only one or two fortunate persons possessing them. The first horses ever seen by Messrs. J. and T. O. Hay (when of tender age) were ridden by Messrs. G. and R. Rhodes—who had brought them over from Australia—little thought they what fear and trembling filled the breasts of the small boys at the unwonted sight!

Shortly before the arrival of the Canterbury settlement Mr. Hay completed the building of a new two-storied house out of timber grown, cut and seasoned on his place. The fittings, windows, etc., they made themselves—the panes of glass were sent down from Wellington. Twenty years later this same substantial house was shifted round to form the kitchen premises, when, in 1870, a still larger and better house was built—the same which was swept away by the landslip of 18th August, 1886.

In those early years the whaling vessels often brought doubtful characters from Australia, most of them ticket-of-leave men or ex-convicts, commonly called "Tothersiders," "Van Demonians," etc. Many of these men were good workers, and on that account—and because no others were available—Mr. Hay was often glad to employ them to fell and saw timber, and work the land. He secured some capable workmen from amongst them to assist in the building of his house. Surveyors had been sent in advance of the Canterbury Pilgrims to prepare for their arrival. Mr. Hay took orders for much of the timber used for building purposes in Port Cooper—soon after called Lyttelton—and in Christchurch. After the settlement this timber industry became more extended. It required a firm mind and vigilant eye to deal with those crafty unscrupulous men, whose chief

aim was to overdraw their wages, or run into debt for stores, then "clear out." Filthy in their habits, depraved in their manners and morals, disgusting in their speech, we can imagine how trying to Mr. and Mrs. Hay was their proximity. From memories handed down the years we know they "bravely bore their troubles, and made the best of adverse circumstances; but how they must have longed for congenial human fellowship.

On the memorable 16th of December, 1850, Mr. Hay, with the assistance of Mr. J. Hay and Mr. Tom White, was breaking in the first four bullocks ever used as beasts of burden on the Peninsula. The coincidence of the entrance into active service of "Blacky" and "Ben," "Jacky" and "Rodney" (who proved most useful animals for many years thereafter) on the very day the first of Canterbury's famous four ships arrived in Port Cooper gave a distinguishing touch, that clings to this day, to those well-remembered bovine pioneers. Messrs. J. and T. O. Hay have a distinct recollection of that day with all its interest and associations. They were perched on the top rail of the stockyard fence, boylike, eagerly watching all that was going on in the yards, when their sharp eyes first espied a big ship passing the east heads. At once "all hands" were up on the fence, the better to see the unusual sight of a large three-masted ship in full sail making for Port Cooper harbour. It was followed by another, and next day another, while the excitement ran high in the hearts of all, young as well as old.

A strange coincidence occurred in connection with the "Randolph" and "Sir George Seymour," the only two of the four ships that sighted each other on the voyage out. Mr. Cyrus Davy, who was booked as passenger by the "Randolph," and had all his luggage on board that vessel, missed his passage, and embarked in the "Sir George Seymour," which sailed the following day. To find his own ship in mid-ocean, and finish his voyage in her, was probably the last thing he expected—yet such was his experience. The "Sir George Seymour" signalled to the "Randolph" to send a boat for the passenger, which was done, several gentlemen on board taking this rarest of opportunities to pay a visit to their fellow voyagers in the sister ship. Of those four historic ships, the "Charlotte

"CRESSY" AT ANCHOR.

Jane," "Randolph," "Sir George Seymour," and "Cressy," the first-named left Plymouth on September 7th, the other three on September 8th, 1850. The "Charlotte Jane" and "Randolph" arrived in Port Cooper on December 16th, the "Sir George Seymour" on December 17th, and the "Cressy" on December 27th, their almost simultaneous appearance in New Zealand waters proving a record for Canterbury.

What hopes were based on the arrival of those welcome ships for the lonely dwellers in the solitudes! Visions of social life and enterprise, cities, churches, schools, roads, railways, rose before them; the accompaniments of civilization they had longed after for years would be within their reach at last! The greatest want of all would be supplied, means of education for the children growing up. Need we wonder then that the coming of the Canterbury Pilgrims was hailed as the greatest event of their lives? Although the settlers, new as well as old, had little time and less chance for much friendly intercourse through many hard years to follow, yet never again did feelings of such utter loneliness and isolation possess them. Since men and women from the dear old Mother Country had landed on the shores of Canterbury they no longer felt cut off from their kindred, nor alone in their far-off home. From that brave band of Pilgrims and Pilgrim Fathers a nation would be reared that would "build up the old waste places" and make "the desert rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

PENINSULA AND PLAIN: 1840 TO 1851.

By S. C. Farr

IN reviewing the notes referring to the early days of my colonial life I have experienced a peculiar pleasure. It has proved not only interesting, but also refreshing to memory to look back into a bygone life which is yet my own.

It may not be out of place for me to narrate the accidental arrival of myself on the shores of this "Ultima Thule."

On the 19th November, 1849, we left London docks in "The Monarch," a barque of 375 tons. All went well until we arrived off Hobart Town, as it was then called. Into this harbour the captain endeavoured to take us, as we were short of provisions, but the wind was blowing a gale out of the harbour from the north-west, so after lying-to for four days without a sign of change, he decided to sail round the North Cape for Auckland, our original destination.

About 9 o'clock that evening (5th March, 1850), when the ship was running with shortened sail before a furious gale and heavy cross sea, the rudder broke away. The sails were quickly arranged so that the vessel could drift with the wind which drove us at its will down south of Stewart's Island. On the 18th March a temporary rudder was fixed by the carpenter, with the help of some of the passengers, and for the first time in my life I had a real experience of hard work. Still we knew it was necessary to do this to save the vessel and our lives. The worst part of it was that while we worked hard we fared very badly, getting half rations day after day for several weeks, until at last we became weak and faint, and not one smiling face could be seen on deck.

The vessel being once again under control, and as we had drifted in a south-easterly direction, the captain decided to sail up the east coast in the hope of getting into Otago Harbour and procuring provisions as early as possible. All went well until March 24th, when off Cape Saunders the new rudder broke away and was lost. We soon found the vessel drifting towards that bold rocky promontory, at the base of which we could distinctly see the white line of breakers. To us landsmen our escape from destruction seemed hopeless.

Soundings were taken at 9.15 p.m., and found to be 25 fathoms. At 10 p.m. we were in 12 fathoms of water, and the captain gave instructions to let go the starboard anchor. Away it went and the whole of the chain with it: yet we drifted with the wind. Hope was gone; our boats were like sieves, and although the captain did all he could to cheer us, despair was on every countenance. Towards midnight, however, the sea breeze lulled, and a slight wind came off the headland. "Weigh anchor" rang out, and up came the chain but no anchor, for it had not been properly shackled. "Let go the fore-topsail, and haul in starboard braces." This done, the vessel perceptibly drifted off shore and hope again revived.

At daybreak we were a long way off land. A floating rudder, weighted so as to give hold in the water, was rigged. Thus equipped, with a fair light wind, on the 27th March we made the heads of Akaroa Harbour, into which we decided to go, but the wind changed to the north-west and blew us away. On the 1st April we again managed to get within a mile of the heads. The third officer, with Mr. Robinson, a part owner of "The Monarch," and four volunteers from the passengers in the best of the leaky boats set out for Akaroa to report our arrival. The next morning, with a light south west wind, we entered the heads at 7 o'clock. About a mile up the bay we saw a boat coming towards us. As soon as it was alongside Captain James Bruce announced that he had brought some bread and butter for us. This, together with some bunches of water cress, was soon hoisted on board and devoured by the hungry people.

Photo — Miss McPhail, Wainui. WAINUI ISLAND.

Captain Bruce laughed at our steering gear, and as he knew the harbour well volunteered to pilot the vessel up to the anchorage, which we reached about 1 p.m., and in a very short time, to our great delight, we were once more on *terra firma*. Thus we had completed a perilous voyage of 134 days in our tiny vessel, a mere skiff compared with the leviathan steamers of the present day. The people on shore, pleased to see new faces, gave us a cordial and hearty welcome, and we soon felt quite at home.

Instead of seeing natives only, as we had expected, to our agreeable surprise we now met English, Scotch, Irish, French, German, and other immigrants, some of whom had arrived early in the thirties and others early in the forties. Soon after landing our little party of six, of which I was the senior, climbed the hills at the back of Akaroa. This we did each day for more than a week, and began to realise the fact that we were in a strange land 13,000 miles from our old home, amidst the unexampled wild nature of New Zealand. The panoramic bird's-eye view we had of the luxuriant and romantic country almost baffles description Over the whole scene sublimity reigned. The grand rugged mountains, with summits of rocky crags, reared themselves to alitudes around varying from 1,500 to 2,800 feet; ridges of wooded hills sloped to the edge of the placid sea beneath. Over the bay the water without a ripple, mirrored the forest-covered mountains with their soft purple tints. A scene so exquisite and fascinating could never pall. We were charmed with all we saw: the vegetation in its primeval beauty; mighty giants of the forest overshadowing dainty ferns and delicate mosses; the musical waterfalls in the valleys leaping from rock to rock; rippling streamlets winding in sweet cadence amid the forest trees, entering shaded pools, or coursing through stable rocks and over rounded boulders on their journey to the sea. Numberless were the changes as we sat and gazed, the soft white evening mists rising in the valleys and the distant summits glowing in the radiance of the setting sun filled us with admiration and delight. The notes and songs of the native birds, all new, filled us with a sense of enchantment, and at the end of our ramblings we came to the conclusion that the country and its scenery in all its aspects could rarely be excelled.

Photo—T. E. Taylor, Akaroa.

AKAROA WATERFALL.

Having been proffered a 50-acre section in Robinson's Bay, I felt strongly inclined to settle in Akaroa, but it lay with others to make the final decision. At this time it was true, there were but few apparent advantages to encourage farmers, drapers, millers, and architects to remain there. About a fortnight after we landed a Mr. Donaldson, from the North Island, arrived in Akaroa, bringing the news that the ship "Lady Nugent" had arrived in Wellington. On board was Mr. Godley, the representative of the Canterbury Association, which had acquired vast plains on the north-west of the Peninsula. He therefore recommended us to stay at Akaroa, pointing out that the prospects were better here than at Auckland.

Our first positive informant as to the extent and possibilities of the plains was Mr. William Deans, of Riccarton, who came to Akaroa to get, if possible, some farm labourers from among the passengers of our vessel. He very intelligently gave his views of the prospects before us should we decide to remain. He told us that the site for the future City of Christchurch had been fixed and was being laid out by the surveyors, that preparations were being made and barracks being erected in Port Cooper for accommodating the immigrants expected to arrive about Christmas time.

He wanted to take back with him some water-cress to plant in the stream near their house. A Maori basket or kit was bought, and I took him to a fine bed growing at the back of the French Magazine; we filled the basket and he went off with his prize. Alas, what trouble it caused in after years! Water-cress had been first brought from Sydney in the Compte de Paris in 1841.

Our next visitor was Mr. Ebenezer Hay from Pigeon Bay. From him we gathered further information about the new settlement on the plains to be called Canterbury. He advised us to stay for a time at least in Akaroa, for there we were more certain of provisions. He said he was convinced we would not regret it, as no doubt there would be plenty to do when the immigrants arrived.

After consulting with Mr. Hay, we held a meeting on board ship to talk the matter over. Our deliberations led

forty-one to decide on staying in Akaroa to await the development of a somewhat imaginary future.[1] We conveyed our decision to the owners of the vessel, who concurred, and really appeared to be glad at the prospect of being released from their responsibilities. We at once prepared to leave the old ship that amid many disasters had conveyed us safely to the most distant part of the globe.

I hired a cottage on a hill between the two settlements.[2] Our goods and chattels were soon sent on shore, but there was no jetty or wharf of any kind, and the sailors carried the goods from the boats and placed them well above high water mark.

I had no furniture, and there was none to be bought in the town, so I went on board, knowing they would help me with anything they could spare. An empty biscuit barrel, with a spare leaf from the saloon table, was soon arranged as my dining table. Four of the saloon chairs, which had been broken on the voyage, were lent, and I was to get them repaired by the time the vessel returned from Sydney. These were the limit of my furniture for a while. My house had four compartments, one was my bedroom, on the floor of which I made my shakedown, and on which I slept soundly all night. In the evening, while the kettle boiled for tea, I made a pair of bow tongs from a piece of hoop-iron taken off one of my cases, and finding an old musket ramrod I appropriated it for the poker. While taking tea I began to plan how to make home sufficiently comfortable for me to welcome a companion. I concluded there was nothing too difficult to carry out, so I resolved to begin at once. I built an oven formed of beaten clay mixed with tussock grass. Then, having made a bench, I constructed some stools, two easy elbow chairs, a wash-tray, and shelves of every description. For a carpet I bought a piece of flax matting 9 ft. square from a Maori, so that home was improving every day.

(1) The passengers who arrived in the "Monarch" and settled at Akaroa were Mr. John Pavitt and family (12), Mr. C. L. Haylock and family (6), Mr. W. G. Abbott and family (4), Mr. J. Parker and family (4), Mr. J. Mahoney and family (5), Mrs. Keogh, widow, Mr. H. Smith (half owner of the vessel), Messrs. T. and G. Vogan, E. L. King, F. Helleur, E. Harrington, S. C. Farr, J. Rule, and C. Green.

(2) On their arrival in 1840 the French immigrants located themselves at the north end of the beach; the British settled at the south end. A small bay divided the two settlements.

About this time I had the pleasure of reading the diary of Mr. Robinson, the first magistrate at Akaroa. The following record is of more than common interest, and I have ever been sorry that I did not take a full copy. It is the complete history of his taking possession of this island in the name of and for Queen Victoria.

Diary, August 3rd, 1840.—Appointed by Captain William Hobson, Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand, with all necessary instructions and a proclamation signed, "William Hobson," and dated August 3rd, 1840, at Government House, Russell, Bay of Islands. Also signed by Willoughby Shortland, Colonial Secretary. Instructions were :—

"To proceed with all despatch in H.M.S. (brig) 'Britomart,' Captain Owen Stanley, R.N., Commander, to Akaroa, Banks Peninsula, and hoist the Union Jack, which will be given to you, on a spur jutting out a little more than half way up the harbour, on the east side, and marked in red on the map you take with you." Here followed the proclamation gummed in. I did not copy it, and do not remember the wording.

The diary continued :—"We sailed that evening with a strong fair wind; a good passage was made, and we anchored in Akaroa Bay on the morning of August 11th. We at once proceeded to make preparations for the formal ceremony. A log of wood, old and dry, was procured from the bush by some of the crew and was hewn by the carpenter 8 inches square. A hole was dug in the ground at the spot selected, the post put in, and the earth well rammed down around it. A spar had been brought from the vessel, rigged with pulley and halyard for hoisting the flag; this was lashed to the post, and everything made ready by 5 p.m. on the 15th August. The next morning, at 12 o'clock noon, I, Charles Barrington Robinson, deputed by the Acting-Governor, hoisted the Union Jack in the name of Her Majesty the Queen Victoria, and in the presence of Captain Stanley, his officers, some of the crew, about a dozen natives (Maoris), and the only Englishman then in the bay, Mr. Green, with his family. There was no demonstration other than my reading the proclamation, three cheers for Her Majesty, and the National Anthem."

The next note made was: "Aug. 18th.—The French man-of-war 'L'Aube,' Captain Lavaud, arrived in the bay."

Photo.—T. E. Taylor, Akaroa.

AKAROA MONUMENT (Designed by S. C. Farr).

"On this spot Captain Stanley, of H.M.S. '*Britomart*,' hoisted the British flag and the sovereignty of Great Britain was formerly proclaimed, August 16th, 1840."

In another part of the diary he mentions the building of two strong block-houses for protection against the natives. These strong erections were never required for the purpose intended, but were eventually used as jails, prisoners being

brought from Lyttelton and lodged there. In those days prisoners were allowed Saturday afternoon to wash their shirts, and even to chop wood for any of the neighbours, for a little tobacco, &c. On one occasion, in 1850, when I was talking to the jailer, I heard the following amusing conversation :—

Looking at his watch, the jailer called out, "Now, boys, time's up."

"I say, boss," said a prisoner, "the old lady there wants some wood cut, give us a little longer."

"Oh, I'm not going to stop here ; my tea's ready."

"Well, give us the key ; we'll lock the gate when we go in, and put the key in the little hole, where you will find it when you come down, honour bright."

The key was given with this injunction, "Now, Jack, see that you are all in when I come down to lock up."

Curious to know the result, I went into a friend's house and watched. I saw the five prisoners at large chop the wood and stack it up, for which they received bread, meat, &c., for Sunday's dinner. They went in, and a little while after I looked in the "little hole," and the key was there.

The entries in Mr. Robinson's diary of different cases brought before him in which Maoris were concerned were most amusing, owing in large measure to the mistranslation of Native idioms rather than Native language. In one of his notes on a trivial case he had, "I could not understand a word, the interpreters little more, and on my decision the Maoris indulged in a hearty laugh, rubbed noses, and after the whole of them had shaken hands with me, left in great good humour at the verdict, 'Case dismissed.'" On the whole his term of office seems to have been a mere sinecure, though one of considerable responsibility.

After being in Akaroa a short time we found that the community were living in a partially civilized condition, although the majority of the settlers had been there more than nine years. Every day was the same, occupied in secular employment, the only secession from the practice being an occasional Sabbath used as a day of hilarity, accompanied with music, singing, dancing and drinking. The gatherings were not always at the same house, but

were arranged according to the hospitality of host or hostess. We new-chums determined to show our reverence for the grand old Sabbath, and found it practicable to have regular service in our homes.

With some delicacy I have now to introduce a little personal matter, although at the time it was a great undertaking for me. Before leaving England Miss Pavitt and I were engaged with a *bonâ fide* understanding that as soon as possible after landing we were to be married. This plan was not once lost sight of, and for its consummation I did all I could after landing. The home I had succeeded in getting tolerably comfortable, but there seemed to be insurmountable difficulties; a ring was wanted. This I determined to make myself, and succeeded in fashioning one out of a half-sovereign. This having been done, we found there was no official to perform the ceremony. I could not make one, neither could I incur the expense of going either to Wellington or Otago, as our worthy magistrate, Mr. John Watson, the successor to Mr. Robinson, had had to do. This difficulty, however, soon vanished also, for one morning Mr. Watson came to me and informed me that he had been appointed Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and in consequence licensed to perform marriages. The way was now clear, and on June 15th the ceremony was performed This was the first marriage performed in Canterbury. I afterwards received six commissions to make rings similar to the one I myself had used.

Having thus far recorded the advent and settlement of the passengers by "The Monarch," I will now attempt by a few illustrations to show the work and character of the precursors of the Canterbury pilgrims.

The French who came out under the "Nanto-Bordelaise" Company[3] possessed a diversity of callings, by which they could assist each other, and yet they proved but poor colonists; for after a ten years' sojourn in the place some were living perfectly satisfied with a stationary condition, others,

(3) The Nanto-Bordelaise was a company having for its object the formation of a French colony at Akaroa. Though it succeeded in sending out a number of settlers the French were forestalled in their attempt to make Akaroa a French settlement. (*Vide* pages 44 and 45 supra.)

Photo.—Miss Baldwin. A REACH OF THE AVON.

with no sign of thrift, had gone helplessly to leeward with a stolid indifference as to the future. Although the condition of the tenure was that the land should be cultivated within five years after their arrival, at the end of the term not one of them had complied with it. Another offer was then made by Mr. Robinson, R.M, on behalf of the New Zealand Government that they should have as much land as they could clear within the next five years, and yet when the Crown Land Commissioner, Colonel Campbell, came, in 1853, to hold Court to settle all land claims, not one had cleared five acres, although they had had three years more than the stipulated time. One, rather more acute than the rest, had fenced in about ten acres to form a vineyard. The area was allowed by the Commissioner for the trouble taken, but this shrewd man never completed the vineyard.

In 1842 Mr. William Deans, after waiting nearly two years in Wellington and seeing no prospect of getting possession of his land in that district, came down to look at these plains, and liking the prospect decided to settle at Potoringamotu (now Riccarton). He was joined in his enterprise by his brother John, who was also disappointed at getting his claim to land in Nelson settled, and William went to Wellington to make the final preparations. He returned in 1843 in Mr. Sinclair's schooner "Scotia," 30 tons, bringing with him John Gebbie and Samuel Manson, with their families; and also a good supply of stores, garden seeds, some sawn timber for building a house, and bricks for a chimney. On the 21st February they landed at Port Levy. Thence Mr. Deans, with Manson and three other men, set off in a whaleboat to the mouth of the Teonetopo (now called the Avon). They pulled up the river until they came to a bend a little west of the place where Barbadoes street now is. This place they called "The Bricks," because they had to land the bricks there. Then they had to decide how best to convey the goods and materials to the site selected for building upon; for the obstacles appeared almost insurmountable.

The river from the Bricks was literally filled with flax of a great height, nigger heads, and raupo. The land, where not swampy, was covered with one entanglement of fern, tutu, tussock, bramble, spaniards, and other native growths, nearly breast high. In viewing the Avon at the present time it is almost impossible to imagine the difficulties which attended its navigation in those early days. All these impediments were surmounted by real British enduring courage. By pulling on the flax or nigger-head they forced the canoe, which they had obtained from a Maori, through the obstructing growth, until they reached a sharp bend near where the Riccarton Road now passes. From this landing-place they carried everything through fern and scrub, and soon, with the exception of the bricks, all their building materials were on the ground. They then cleared the site and began the erection of the first framed house built on these plains. They completed it in 1843, and having the home tolerably comfortable, Manson and the three men went in the whale boat to Port Levy for Gebbie, the women, and children, leaving Mr Deans alone at home. The boat having returned to "The Bricks," the women and children were taken to the bend in the canoe. Thence the children were carried on the men's shoulders to the home, the wives bravely following behind. The building was divided into three compartments with blankets and rugs. The stores were kept in the roof. After getting settled in their domicile, work on the land began, first cutting and clearing tracks in various directions, quite a wide one being made to "The Bricks"

In June, 1843, Mr. John Deans arrived at Port Cooper from Newcastle, N.S.W., *via* Wellington, bringing with him in a vessel, "The Princess Royal," three mares, 61 head of cattle, and 43 sheep, and a supply of implements, wheat, barley, lucerne, potatoes, and oats. By the end of 1844 a very compact homestead had been established, with its dairy, having 20 milking cows, making butter and cheese of excellent quality, which found a ready sale in Sydney. Within two years they had built three houses at Riccarton (named after their home in Scotland, and the stream, the "Te Onepoto," they named the "Avon," after the Avon running into the Clyde near their grandfather's property. It

might be of interest to note that the first oak trees introduced into Canterbury were planted at Riccarton farm, the young trees being brought from the Cape in 1849 by Sir George and Lady Gray. Mr. George Rhodes was the first of that family to settle here, and erected a house in Akaroa Harbour, in a small Bay known as the Red House Bay, so called from the house being painted a bright red colour. After George had been at the Red House some time he went over to Pohatoupa, now Flea Bay, and also started a station at Wakarimou, now Long Bay, but at the beginning of 1850, when his brother Robert arrived, he removed to Purau to settle at that station, which had been purchased by the Rhodes Brothers in 1847 from Messrs. Greenwood brothers, who had left for Motonau, after having occupied Purau since 1843.

Mr. Hay and family arrived at Wellington in the ship "Bengal Merchant," Captain Emery, in February, 1840, and settled at Petone, but like the Messrs. Deans, he was unable to get his land question settled in the Wellington district, owing to the unsettled state of the natives. Hearing much in favour of this district he resolved to come down to the Peninsula. The Sinclairs and Macintoshs came at the same time. Arriving at Pigeon Bay in March, 1843, Mr. Hay squatted at the head of the bay. He commenced at once clearing away the bush, built a house and out-buildings, bought cattle—some from the Rhodes and some from M. de Belligny, at the head of the bay—and soon had a dairy from which good cheese and butter could be obtained. He also cultivated some land, which, being of excellent quality, grew very heavy crops both of cereals and roots. On one of my visits to his home I saw him throwing wheat with a shovel to winnow it. I told him that there was a sketch of a winnowing machine in one of my books, and I thought I could make one, that would do the work more quickly and better, if the materials could be obtained. He said, "Will you let me know what is wanted?" I promised to do so. I had not seen one made, but had seen one at work in the Old Country. I was able to let him know in a few days what was required. In three weeks he wrote to say, "I have all you mentioned and a carpenter to help. Come over." The machine was made, proved a success,

and was used for years, the only alteration to it being the substitution of cog wheels for leather bands as driving gear.

Mr. John Watson, previously mentioned, a real Irish gentleman, arrived in Akaroa in August, 1847, having been appointed by the Governor, Captain George Grey, to succeed Mr. C. B. Robinson, who was leaving for England. Mr. Watson was a most affable and genial man, a genuine and warm-hearted friend and neighbour. His office was so much of a sinecure, and being a bachelor time hung somewhat heavy on his hands, and to remove or break the monotony he would volunteer to help in farming or repairing the roads.

He was most amusing when sitting on the Bench, and being his own clerk would enter the case So-and-so *v.* So-and-so ; then turning to the plaintiff he would say, "Now state your complaint," and while listening he would draw all kinds of grotesques on his paper, emblematic of the plaintiff's statements. These being at an end, he would coolly say to the defendant, "Well, what have you to say?" Having quietly listened to the two sides of the difference (if it happened to be a civil case) he has often said, "Well, now, can't you settle this yourselves, for, bedad, if I have to give judgment someone will have to pay costs." I have been in court and witnessed the glance which passed between the parties to the suit on these occasions, and have heard a snarl, mixed with a little acrimony. If, however, the expletives were a little too mixed the magistrate would tell the suitors that if they wished to have a quarrel they had better leave the court. On one occasion this advice was being carried out, when the plaintiff turned round and said to the R.M., "Your worship, how much are the costs, and who has to pay them?" "Oh, bedad, I won't charge anything," was the answer; "go and settle it between you." The R.M. then shut up his papers with the caricature sketches, left the bench, and wished them "good morning." The caricature sketches represented evidence of the parties in the case, and were invariably made by this interesting dispenser of law. Some of them were exceedingly clever and amusing.

Mr. Watson visited Lyttelton (Port Cooper) in 1850, and held a court there bi-weekly, walking from Akaroa to Pigeon

Bay, thence by boat to Lyttelton, unless the water was too rough. Then he would walk to Purau and cross in a boat. During that year the prisoners were all sent to Akaroa and lodged in the blockhouses already referred to. They were well looked after, having three good meals a day and as much tea as they liked. At 8 a.m. they were marched out to do the government stroke on the road until 5 p.m., with an interval of an hour for dinner. After tea they might smoke, and even play at whist or cribbage. They were duly locked up at 6 p.m., but went to bed when they pleased, for they had oil lamps to light for themselves. The sentences were generally short, the offences being often but trifling, and consisting chiefly of drunken brawls or petty pilfering.

The R.M. was often occupied when the whaling ships were in Akaroa Harbour, especially when the crews were of different nationalities. The Americans and French seemed to have a great contempt for each other, and if one vessel had been more successful than the other, coarse jokes and sarcastic jeers generally led up to fisticuffs between the individual crews, ending by several of them being locked up for the night, taken before the magistrate, and mulcted in a fine, which the captains would pay and charge to Jack's account.

On one occasion a case was in court, and the opposite statements widely differed about work that had been done. The magistrate appointed an expert to examine the work and report on it, at the same time telling the plaintiff and defendant to remain in the court. Then a thought struck him, and he asked where the work had been done, and hearing that it was not far away, "Bedad," he said, "I'll go and see for myself," and away he went, soon returning with the expert. Taking his seat he asked for the report, which was in favour of the plaintiff. Then the magistrate turned to the defendant and said, "Bedad, man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to refuse to pay for such work I've seen it myself, so I know. You will now have to pay the full amount of the account to the plaintiff, ten shillings and sixpence to the expert, and court expenses." The defendant demurred, but the R.M. said, "That is the decision of the Bench, and the case is closed, so you had better pay down at once to save further trouble and expense." This advice was accepted and acted upon.

Cases of this sort might be multiplied, but enough has been written to show what manner of man our second magistrate, Mr. Watson, was. He was impartial in administering justice, and kind and hospitable to any in need of help. He left Akaroa in 1863 for the Old Country, where Mrs. Watson died. Soon after her death he decided to return to the colony, but only got as far as Adelaide, and there he died.

Two of the most important and interesting events which at this time affected the welfare of the early settlers were the erection of the first English flour-mill by Mr. Haylock, and the erection of a sawmill by the Messrs. Pavitt.

After Mr. Haylock decided to erect a mill he purchased a piece of land at the head of the Grehan Valley, through which a stream of water ran with sufficient fall and volume to answer the purpose of driving an 18-feet overshot wheel. A race, or viaduct, was formed, and a good head of water acquired. He and his sons cut most of the timber for the building and machinery, and also erected the building in a substantial English fashion. They made all the gear and fittings, fixed a pair of French burr stones, and concluded that all was ready for work, but, alas! when the water was let run on the wheel the stone nut, or small cog wheel attached to the stone spindle was crushed to atoms, stopping all work. Nothing daunted, however, a second, and a third wheel were made, but in each case the same result, and hope vanished for the time. He then decided to send to England one of his sons for an iron wheel and some other requisites for the mill. After he (the son) had gone Mr. Haylock told me all about his trouble; and although I knew but little about such machinery, I suggested that there must be something wrong with the gearing. Having studied the theory of cog wheels, I told him I would come up and look over it. I did so and found my suspicion correct. I offered, if he would get another nut made, to gear both spur and nut cogs. He accepted the offer, saying he was anxious to get the mill at work. I found the cycloides of the spur wheel not only inaccurate, but irregular. These were carefully struck and formed, the nut made, and within three weeks the mill was smoothly working, thus achieving his ambition to erect and set to work the first English flour-mill

Photo.—T. E. Taylor, Akaroa. AKAROA FROM ENGLISH END.

driven by water power in Canterbury. I cannot pen his expressions of gratitude for my part in securing success. He was a good miller, and turned out splendid flour. The iron wheel arrived, but I am not sure that it was ever used.

Messrs. Pavitt had bought 100 acres of land in Robinson's Bay. About three-fourths of it were covered with a dense primeval forest. The trees—black and white pine, totara, manuka, kowhai, koanini—were most of them of large size, and they resolved to erect a sawmill if possible. I was counselled about it, though I had never seen a mill. I had, however, read about them, and offered to make a model of one to a scale, assuming that if the miniature form would act it would be quite safe to erect a large one. I began the pattern at once, and made the frame complete, then formed and fitted the machinery. Having a lathe I turned the wheels out of dry kowhai, and formed the cogs out of the solid. When it was complete the model worked to our satisfaction, cutting by hand power small pieces of wood very truly[4]. The saw was a vertical one, tightened in frame by screws of my own make. This success so far was encouraging. The first thing then to be done was to ascertain the power we could get to drive the machinery. So the levels had to be taken through the thick bush from an angle in the stream high up in the valley. The level we used was a very primitive one, and was made by fixing three tubes of glass, in which were spirits, to a board attached to a tripod and adjusted by wooden screws, one tube lying transversely and the others longitudinally. Crude as it was it enabled us to find and prove a very good fall for an overshot wheel, 18 feet in diameter, the leverage of which with ample water would provide sufficient power.

I joined with them in a formal partnership, and we began in earnest, week in, week out, some sawing timber for the mill, some forming a reservoir, others clearing a track and digging a viaduct. We were a busy crew, working early and late, doing everything that was required as it came to hand. We sent to Sydney for blacksmith's bellows, anvils, and tools to do our own iron work, and made charcoal of manuka, to use for lack of mineral coal. In fact no obstacle

4 Portions of this model I still possess, and intend exhibiting them at the Canterbury Jubilee Exhibition, 1900.

was allowed to come between us and the object we had in view. We constructed a flume nearly 100 feet long on trestles to convey the water on to the wheel. The wheel was three feet wide inside the buckets. The gudgeons, rings, and pillow blocks with brass bearings came from Sydney, and everyone who saw the wheel called it a perfect model.

The mill had been successfully working, and the labours of our hands and mental faculties were about to realise their reward when a terrible, heavy fire came down through the bush, devouring everything dry, and being furiously driven by the wind, it was only with great risk and difficulty that the saws and other movable tools were rescued. A quantity of sawn timber, lying close by where it had just been cut, perished in the flames, and the mill was burned to the ground. Thus our handiwork and prospective fortunes were wrecked within a few hours.

When our varied occupations before we left the Old Country are taken into consideration, looking back through the vista of years passed since we succeeded in making our works a success, we often feel amazed at what we accomplished with the crude materials we had to deal with in those early days.

These are but a few reminiscenses of some of the early colonists and early colonial life. I have only touched upon those incidents occurring and colonists arriving prior to *the first four ships*. There are a number of early colonists whom space will not permit me to mention, and much still which I may say, of an interesting nature, and of which on a future occasion it may delight me to write.

THE SUMNER ROAD.

A Memory and a Warning.

"Mount Pleasant looks on Sumner Bay,
And Sumner Bay looks out to sea,
And musing there an hour away
I dreamt that all might yet agree:
For sitting on colonial grass
I could not deem myself an ass."

THE clever and amusing banter of Crosbie Ward's muse has perpetuated a hazy memory of many half-forgotten projects of the past. In these days of great railway works, big loans, and revenue and expenditure running into millions, the younger generation finds it hard to believe that forty years ago there were no means of transporting heavy goods from the Port of Lyttelton to the Canterbury Plains except by sea. The Sumner Road, which was begun by Mr. Thomas, the Canterbury Association's first chief surveyor, was soon stopped for want of money to complete it; but amid all the questions of land settlement, of education, and of self-government which were vigorously discussed by the pioneers, the pressing necessity of a practicable road between the Port and the Plains was ever uppermost in their minds.

In an interesting contribution to the *Press* of the 23rd April last, Mr. W. G. Brittan published some extracts from the early records of Canterbury, and quoted a passage from the first letter written by Mr. Godley to the Secretary of the Canterbury Association in London. After describing the proposed Sumner road, as it had been laid out by the Chief Surveyor, Mr. Godley says with reference to the gradient, "Mr. Thomas informs me that at the steepest part the rise is at the rate of 1 in 20 feet." Mr. Brittan here interpolates "How about the zig-zag near the top, Mr. Thomas?" Mr. Thomas was perfectly accurate in his

description of the line he had surveyed, and which the Association intended to complete. The original bench-marks cut by him can still be traced, at a nearly even gradient of not more in the steepest place than 1 in 20, from Lyttelton to the top of Evans Pass. I have climbed along the rocks with Mr. Godley when the cutting was comparatively recent, and he always expressed great satisfaction at the prospect of a high road to the plains with

JOHN ROBERT GODLEY.

a trotting gradient all the way. Unfortunately the sales of land in the first two years of the settlement did not come up to expectations, and the completion of the Sumner road was necessarily deferred. All travellers walked or rode over the bridle path, and all heavy goods were sent round by sea from Lyttelton in sailing vessels, small enough to cross the Sumner bar, and found their way at first up the Avon to the

"Bricks" (near the present Barbadoes street bridge); and later, up the Heathcote to the "Christchurch Quay," a little above Woolston.

After Mr. Godley's departure, in the early days of Provincial Government, the want of a road between the Port and the Plains had become a crying grievance. But land sales still progressed slowly, and the Government had not the means to carry out the line of road commenced by Mr. Thomas, as the work, especially near the approach to Evans Pass, involved heavy and expensive rock cutting. So Mr. Dobson, who was then Provincial Engineer, considerably modified the original plan, in order to bring it within the means of the province. A little beyond Officer's Point the steady 1 in 20 gradient was abandoned; the road was laid out nearly on a level, a good way below the troublesome rocks, as far as Gollan's Bay, and was then carried over Evans Pass by the steep zig-zag alluded to in Mr. Brittan's paper. The intention was ultimately to lay a tram-line along the road to Gollan's Bay, and thence under Evans Pass by a tunnel. It was in 1856 that Crosbie Ward sang:

> "For thy precious zig-zags are too steep for a cart
> And we're hopeless of holes in thy hill."

From the top of the pass on the Sumner side of the hill Mr. Dobson deserted the original line altogether, and took the road down the right-hand instead of the left-hand side of the valley, modifying his gradient according to the character of the hill-side. The idea of a tunnel was soon abandoned as too expensive and dangerous for ordinary traffic, but the deviations made the completion of the road possible at the time. It was opened by Mr. Fitzgerald, the first Superintendent of Canterbury, who insisted on risking his own life and that of his friends by driving a tandem over the half-finished zig-zag. It was negotiated with the assistance of volunteer grooms hanging on to the horses heads, and a stalwart crowd hanging on to the dogcart behind. The Provincial Secretary, who was an elderly gentleman, felt it his duty to accompany the Superintendent, and manfully stuck to his seat throughout; but it was reported that he had made his will the day before. There are comparatively few, alas! who remember the humours of

that escapade of Mr. Fitzgerald—the most versatile and brilliant genius that has left his stamp on New Zealand politics, but whose failing health compelled him at a comparatively early age to retire from his position in the front ranks of our public men.

It was unfortunate that the Roman severity of Mr. Thomas's uniform gradient was not maintained through all obstacles, even at the cost of some delay. The work would have been completed a little later, and there would have been a useful highway between the Port and the Plains for all time; whereas the existing road never has been, and never will be suitable or even safe for heavy traffic. It was not long before new circumstances diverted public attention from the Sumner road altogether. Mr. Fitzgerald had gone to England as agent for the province, and Mr. Moorhouse reigned in his stead. The scheme proposed by the new Superintendent for tunnelling the hill between Lyttelton and the Heathcote Valley, and uniting the Port and the Plains by a railway created great excitement. While the project was received by a large proportion of the population with enthusiasm, it was regarded by many of the most trusted public men in the province as rash and hazardous in the extreme, and altogether beyond the means of so young a community. The old-fashioned idea was still prevalent in many quarters that railways were luxuries only suited to populous countries, and that they should come after permanent settlement. The American experience that they are the most effective and economical means of opening up new countries had not yet made much impression in the colonies. I have good reason to recollect the conflict of opinion at that time, as I was a member of the Provincial Government when the scheme was initiated, and I had a good deal of difficulty, when in England in 1860 and 1861, in dissuading our old Association friends from running counter to the promotion of the scheme in London. If it had not been for the initiative, the perseverance, and the energy of Mr. Moorhouse in this matter, the completion of the tunnel and railway would have been postponed for many years, and the progress of Canterbury seriously checked. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to other sides of his public policy,

HOLE IN THE HILL.

all must agree that this province owes him a deep debt of gratitude for his action in this matter.

The completion of the Lyttelton and Christchurch Railway put an end for a long time to the Sumner Road question, and it has not been seriously re-opened since. This is a curious instance of the hand-to-mouth nature of popular policy. The fate of our great and growing commerce—of all our export and import traffic—depends on the single line through the railway tunnel, and it is not generally understood how much Canterbury is suffering every day in consequence of our apathy. We complain in vain of the unjust tariff which handicaps our merchants and producers in their competition with other business centres in New Zealand. *Sic vos non vobis*—the Province that initiated railway enterprise is exceptionally mulcted on the line between Lyttelton and Christchurch by the Railway Department, avowedly because there is no competition with that short but all-important section of the Canterbury railway system. A good highway between the Port and the Plains would long ago have brought the Department to reason. Because there is no road competition, Canterbury pays more for the 6½ miles between Lyttelton and Christchurch in the shape of railway fares and traffic charges than Auckland and Otago pay for the longer distances between Onehunga and Auckland in the north, and Port Chalmers and Dunedin in the south. The Government literally has this province by the throat, and it will be hard to make it relax its grip as long as it has a monopoly. Carriers could compete successfully on a practicable road for a good deal of the lighter transport work, which is now done at extravagant rates of haulage.

But a greater danger than the Government monopoly may threaten us when we are least prepared for it. We are all too apt to look only to present necessities, and to put off making provision for a crisis that might occur at any time. Let us try to realise the position, should an accident temporarily block the tunnel, or should the pressure of traffic necessitate an enlargement of that narrow entrance to the railway system of Canterbury with its single line of rails. In such a case we should be reduced to our primitive means of communication with the outer world, and all

Photo.—J. W. Bates. SUMNER.

our expanding export and import trade would be nearly brought to a standstill. A comparatively small expenditure now would mitigate the effects of such a catastrophe. There is a reserve of land in the Heathcote valley for a branch railway line to Sumner. If that branch line were made, and a well-graded road completed from Sumner to Lyttelton, we should at any rate have an alternative route in the event of emergencies. To holiday passengers the

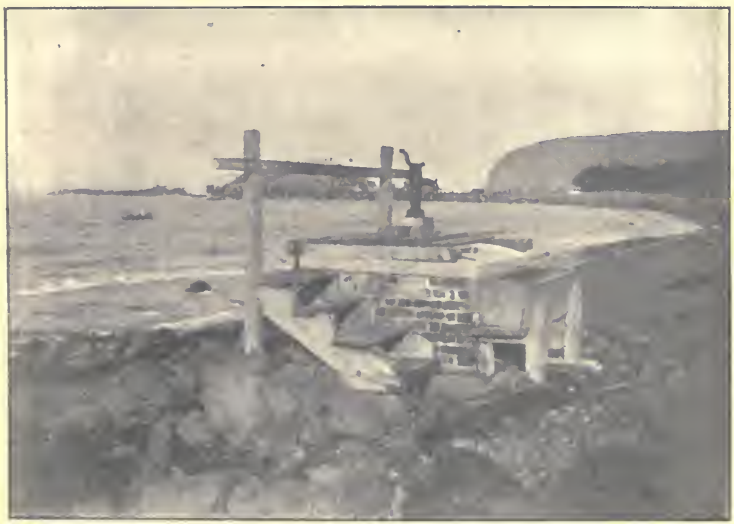


Photo.—F. C. B. Bishop.

OLD PUMP, SUMNER

drive between Sumner and Lyttelton on a high level road, in a well-appointed coach, would be most attractive. In 1856, it was estimated that the completion of Mr. Thomas' road would cost £30,000; the work could probably be done for much less now. It might be taken in hand by the City of Christchurch, the Borough of Lyttelton, and the adjacent counties, which are directly interested. The railway from Heathcote Valley to Sumner would be an immediately remunerative undertaking.

When I was invited to write a short paper for this little book, it struck me that a reminiscence of what was once a very serious question with the early settlers might be of some interest to a younger generation; and I venture to add a warning against the neglect of an important link in our connection with the sea routes of the world. It is strange but true that, notwithstanding all our progress, the Canterbury Colony in its fiftieth year is still without a practicable carriage road between its Port and its Plains. The energy with which the Natives' Association interests itself in the history of the past and the prospects of the future is of good omen for the country. May I suggest to its members for consideration, on the occasion of the Canterbury Jubilee, the duty of completing the first important work undertaken by the Canterbury Colonists.

THE CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.

By William Pratt.

I.—CHOOSING THE SITE.

IT is a curious fact, and only known to a few old colonists, that what is now known as the Province of Canterbury narrowly escaped, firstly, being the Province of Nelson, and, secondly, the Scotch settlement of Otago. When Captain Arthur Wakefield arrived at Wellington at the close of 1841 in charge of the expeditionary vessel, the "Will Watch," to found the Nelson settlement somewhere in the Middle or South Island, and to take instructions and directions from Colonel Wakefield, the New Zealand Company's agent, the Colonel was desirous for his brother, the Captain, to go south to a place known then as Port Cooper where, according to reports from whalers and others, there was a good harbour and a fine extent of level country. Lieut.-Governor Hobson, having heard of this projected expedition to the south, peremptorily forbade it, and limited the choice of a site for the settlement to Blind Bay, although at that time it was not known that there was any harbour or safe anchorage for vessels for landing passengers or cargo, or any suitable land for a settlement in that locality. Hence Nelson was for years known as "Hobson's choice." A few years afterwards, in 1847, an association was formed for founding a Scotch settlement in New Zealand, and for this purpose negotiations were opened with the New Zealand Company and a block of 400,000 acres secured, and a Mr. Tuckett, the Company's chief surveyor at Nelson, received instructions to select a site in the South Island for the projected settlement. Knowing the difficulties that had been overcome more by good luck than by anything else by the accidental discovery of a fairly good harbour in Nelson, he determined to make a careful and thorough survey of the

whole of the south-east coast of the South Island from Cape Campbell to the Bluff. For this purpose he requisitioned a small schooner, called the "Deborah," from Colonel Wakefield, and directed his first attention to Port Cooper. Although he was well pleased with the harbour and the fine extent of level country as seen from the top of the lofty range of hills which shut it in from the sea and harbour, he deemed this range an insuperable objection, and decided to explore further down the coast.

Being reluctant to pass by such a splendid piece of country, he proceeded round the Peninsula to ascertain if the inland country could not be approached clear of the mountain range. He landed at Joseph Price's whaling station at Ikiriki, and after a most fatiguing and difficult tramp across what is now known as the Ellesmere District, reached the Messrs. Deans at Riccarton. Lake Ellesmere had not made one of its periodical bursts through the shingle barrier to the ocean for some time previous, and he found the whole of that part of the country, now the finest part of the Plains, water-logged and an almost impassable morass. He condemned it as utterly unfit for a settlement, and proceeding further south finally decided upon Port Chalmers and the adjacent country for the Otago settlement.

II.—THE CANTERBURY ASSOCIATION.

The next scheme for planting a colony in New Zealand was the formation of the Canterbury Association to found a Church of England settlement which, according to the prospectus issued, was to be a complete section of the English Church, with its Bishop and Clergy and churches and schools. Arrangements were made with the New Zealand Company for a block of land three million acres in extent. In order to provide the funds for the above and for the conveyance of emigrants and surveys, the land was to be re-sold in 150-acre sections at £3 per acre. As upon inquiry it was found that there was no finer site in New Zealand for a large settlement than the one Mr. Tuckett had rejected, solely on account of the high range of hills cutting off the inland plains from the harbour, which it was considered

LYTTELTON, FROM MT. PLEASANT.

only a question of time and cost to either pierce with a tunnel or construct a practicable road across, so Port Cooper and the adjacent country was selected for the proposed settlement to be called Canterbury. Captain Thomas, of Wellington, was authorised to proceed there without delay and take possession, survey and lay out a town in quarter-acre sections to be called Lyttelton, after Lord Lyttelton, one of the most influential and active promoters of the scheme. He was also authorised to lay out a large city to be called Christchurch, on the plains, to build a house for the Company's agent, and other houses for the temporary accommodation of the expected settlers, and to use his best endeavours to form a practicable road to the plains over or round the range of hills, and also to make a trigonometrical survey of the plains.

The writer was in Wellington when Captain Thomas had got together his staff, consisting of carpenters, sawyers, a blacksmith, and a few mechanics, and one hundred strong able-bodied Maoris for navvy work, having in view the road-making. The writer having determined to start a store in the new settlement, regretted not being able to proceed south at the same time as Captain Thomas in June, 1849, thinking it more prudent to first go to Nelson, where sawn timber was cheap and plentiful, and there frame a house to be afterwards erected at Lyttelton. This plan was accordingly carried out, but owing to various delays it was about the middle of December before Lyttelton was reached, by which time Captain Thomas had accomplished a great deal of work. Several large barrack-like buildings were finished and a small landing jetty erected. A line of road had been surveyed to a low saddle in Gollan's Bay called Evans's Pass, to reach the plains by way of Sumner at an easy gradient. A portion was finished to what was then called "Sticking Point," but a formidable rocky cliff intervened between it and the pass, and it would have cost nearly as much as the tunnel to have formed a road along its face. The difficulty was got over some years later by abandoning Captain Thomas's gradient and passing the rocky cliff at a lower level, and ascending to the aforesaid pass by a zigzag road, which the then Superintendent, J. E. Fitzgerald, had had constructed, and opened with great *eclat* by driving a four-in-hand over it.

This is rather anticipating events, as it was not until several years had elapsed under Provincial Government that sufficient funds were available for so much being done towards opening a highway to the plains.

The various works were in full swing and making good progress in transforming a site broken by gullies and with a rather hilly surface into a fairly picturesque little town, when in April, 1850, a vessel named the "Lady Nugent" arrived, bringing Mr. Godley, the Association's agent, whose mission was to stop all further expenditure, as at the time he left England it was extremely doubtful whether the Association would be able to carry out its programme in consequence of the meagre enquiry for and slow sale of its sections.

Captain Thomas was much concerned at this sudden and unexpected stoppage of a busy scene of industry. After the vessel's departure with Mr. Godley, who proceeded to Wellington to await events, Captain Thomas, having made arrangements for the return of all the Maoris according to the terms of their engagement, assembled the men engaged upon the various works. Having faith that the settlement would still go on, and this was only a temporary check, he told them he had a good stock of stores of various kinds, though his cash credit was stopped, and that he would distribute the stores in question in lieu of cash to those who would stick to the work until some of the half-finished jobs were completed. The majority of them accepted this novel payment for their labour, but others having no use for coal tar, paint oil, and spike nails, declined the terms, and also took passage back to Wellington, thus further reducing the members of our at no time large community; so for the next four or five months things were very dull and monotonous. To help pass away the time, I employed myself in doubling the size of my store, to the surprise of some of my neighbours with less faith in the future of the settlement than myself.

One morning in the October following, Major Hornbrook, the genial proprietor of the Mitre Hotel, informed me that a large English ship was at anchor at the heads, and that he was going to pull down to her to learn the news. He asked me to accompany him, with the privilege

of pulling one of the oars. On getting on board I was pleased to find a Mr. and Mrs. Plank, my prospective wife's uncle and aunt, bound for Nelson. Mr. Plank expressed a strong desire to go on shore with us to see the place, and a Mr. William Wilson, who was also bound for Nelson, but who a few months later returned to Canterbury and became a well-known resident of Christchurch, asked to be included in the shore party. We learnt there were certain stores on board, shipped by the Canterbury Association to be landed at Lyttelton, which gave me a comfortable assurance that the settlement was not going to be abandoned. The ship was the "Mariner," and the captain, prudent man, brought his ship to an anchor just inside the heads, and was pulled ashore in his gig for the purpose of learning what facilities existed for landing cargo, and if there was any responsible person to receive the goods and to sign his bills of lading. Finding to his surprise a full-blown Customs House officer in charge of the port, who required him to properly enter his vessel before he would allow anything to be landed, and not caring to detain his ship 24 hours for this purpose, he determined to take his freight on to Wellington, and accordingly was pushing off in his boat to return to his ship just as our friends were landing. The captain, it appeared, had given orders that no one was to leave the ship during his absence, but the two voyagers referred to thought there would be ample time to return to the ship before the captain; but now, seeing to their dismay the captain going off so soon, they had to hastily engage a waterman's boat and start off in the rear of the captain, who recognising two of his passengers in the boat following in his wake, told his men to "give way." The light boat, impelled by four powerful rowers, soon left the boat with our two friends hopelessly behind, although the boatman was encouraged to put on all his steam by promises of extra payment. The captain's boat soon reached the ship and was quickly hoisted to the davits, the anchor was tripped, the vessel's sails spread, and to the dismay of the fugitives she stood out to sea. The boatman wanted to give up the fruitless chase, but was induced to keep on by promises of still further reward. Then the vessel's topsail was observed to be "all aback," and they knew then the captain had

relented and was waiting for them. On getting on board they had a bad quarter of an hour with the captain for disobeying orders, and then rejoined their sorrowing friends, who had begun to regard them as a couple of involuntary Robinson Crusoes, left on a wild part of the coast among savages and perhaps wild animals. A month later, in November, 1850, the "Phœbe Dunbar" arrived in Lyttelton, bringing certain intelligence that four ships had sailed from Plymouth loaded with immigrants for the Canterbury settlement.

By the "Phœbe Dunbar" came Messrs. Longdon and LeCren, who brought with them a large iron store in frame, which was speedily erected on Norwich Quay, and they were the first merchants and importers to start a wholesale business in Canterbury. Mr. Le'Cren soon after joined with a Mr. Sidey in importing cattle and sheep into Canterbury from Australia, doing an extensive business in that line during the next 18 months.

The news reached Wellington simultaneously. Mr. Godley hurried back to Lyttelton, and was surprised and pleased at so much work having been done during his absence under the new public works policy his subordinate had initiated. Numbers of small craft loaded with stores and passengers arrived during the next few weeks, so that the new settlers could not say they had arrived upon inhospitable shores, when there were so many filled with the most philanthropic solicitude to minister to their wants.

III.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST FOUR SHIPS.

It is more than twenty years (1877) since the writer published some personal recollections of the early days of Canterbury, in a little work called "Colonial Experiences," with a brief account of the arrival of the *first four ships*, and it now being the Jubilee year of the settlement, it may not be out of place to reproduce it here, as very few may have had an opportunity of perusing the book referred to.

PILGRIMS LANDING FROM THE "CRESSY.

"Monday morning, December 16th, 1850, a glorious New Zealand summer morning, fit to usher in a week fraught with such important consequences to this port, and indeed to the whole of New Zealand. About 10 a.m. a large ship, the "Charlotte Jane," suddenly appeared rounding Officer's Point. She had not been observed coming up the harbour, and was brought to an anchor opposite the town, where only small coasters afterwards deemed it prudent to lie. There was not even a "harbour-master in charge of a punt" at that time, and being previous to the engineering works of the "hard labour gang," probably there was a greater depth of water in that part of the harbour than at a later date. The "Randolph" arrived at her anchorage at 3 p.m. the same day, and the "Sir George Seymour" at 10 a.m. on the 17th, the "Cressy" not putting in an appearance until the 27th.

On Tuesday (17th) I was on board the "Randolph" when the "Sir George Seymour" sailed majestically up the harbour and dropped her anchor a short distance from the "Randolph." I inquired the special cause of the vociferous cheering on board both vessels, and was told the "Randolph" folks were welcoming the arrival of a passenger they had lost in mid-ocean, a Mr. Davey, who had had the unique experience of coming out in two ships, starting from Plymouth in one and landing at his destination in another without having been shipwrecked. It appeared that on arriving at Plymouth to join his ship he found she had sailed; and as the "Randolph" was on the point of starting also for Lyttelton, he jumped on board the latter ship, and during the voyage they sighted the "Sir George Seymour," and it being calm and there being a smooth sea the vessels were enabled to approach near enough together to permit of his being transferred to his own ship. Naturally there was great excitement and commotion in our small township from such an influx of strangers. The commissariat resources of the place became at once an important consideration, seeing that besides my own there were but two or three small stores, which had recently sprung up. Mine was also the only baker's shop; fortunately I had secured the services of a journeyman bread baker from Wellington. The capabilities of the oven were taxed to the utmost, and

could then only supply about one tithe of the demand. A hungry crowd collected morning and evening round the door about the time for drawing the batch, and the loaves were quickly distributed to the fortunate few nearest at hand. This scramble for bread was a daily scene in Canterbury Street for a fortnight, until other ovens were built, when supply and demand became somewhat equalised.

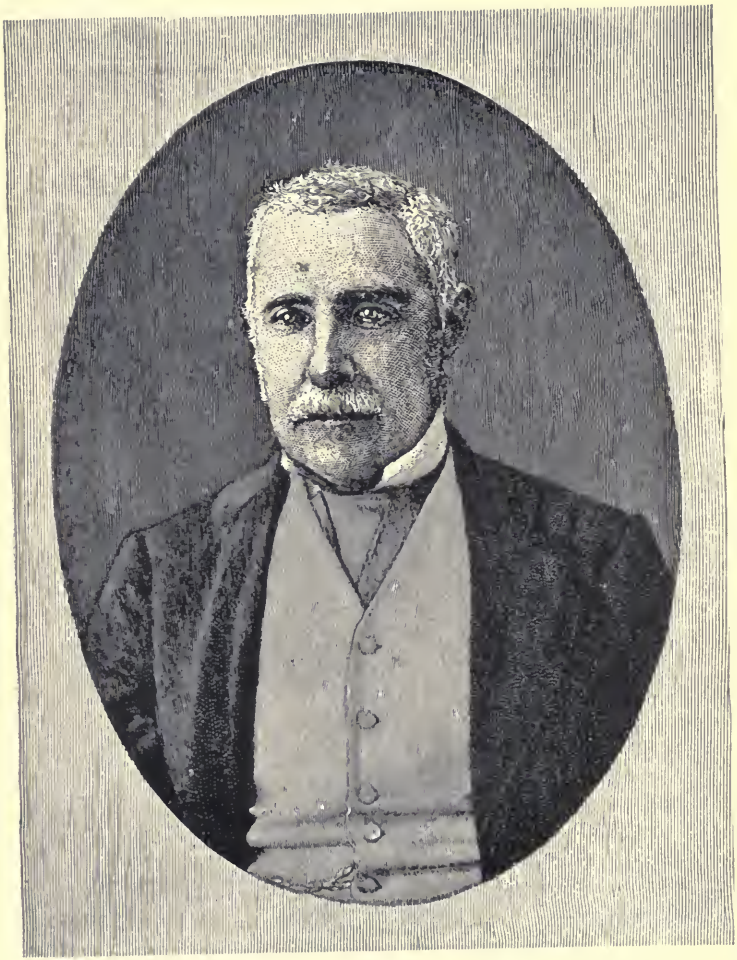
It was with feelings of no little surprise and dismay that the new arrivals, on preparing to land the various *etceteras* that provident and well-to-do colonists considered indispensable in a new and comparatively unknown country, found themselves confronted by a Customs House officer. However pleasing it may have been as a matter of sentiment to feel the protecting solicitude of Her Most Gracious Majesty extended to this distant part of her dominions, the predominant feeling just then was that it was not only a trifle inconvenient but extremely vexatious. Fortunately a deliverer was at hand. Sir George Grey had arrived in H.M.S. "Fly" the same day as the "Charlotte Jane," and upon being appealed to he at once graciously removed the restrictions that otherwise too rigid adherence to red-tapeism would have imposed upon the first arrivals.

A printing press, type, and a printing staff had arrived by one of the first ships, and by unremitting exertions on the part of all interested the public had the advantage and great gratification of very early welcoming the appearance of the first newspaper published in the settlement. The first number of the *Lyttelton Times* was issued on Saturday, January the 11th, 1851, four weeks previous to which press, type, printers, and settlers had not arrived on the coast of New Zealand. A half century has nearly elapsed since that date, during which the settlement, like all young communities, has passed through various vicissitudes—periods of alternate prosperity and depression, but there has been no retrogression. It has ever been pressing onward, and the newspaper has kept on the even tenour of its way, a true index of the progress made, and marking the successive stages of provincial development by passing from a weekly to a bi-weekly, tri-weekly, and eventually to a morning and evening issue, and Christchurch can now boast of two morning, two evening, and two weekly papers.

All persons occupying the barracks had after a brief sojourn there to give place to others, as ships arrived so quickly after each other that the hillside near the barracks became dotted over with every conceivable kind of hut, tent, and whare, not omitting the Irish cabin built of sods.

Some whose constructive abilities were exemplified by tenements of the rudest character and materials of the flimsiest description were cautioned that a sou'wester might spring up very suddenly, accompanied by heavy rain, against which their dwellings would afford them no protection; but conviction and procrastination often go hand in hand. For about six weeks after the arrival of the first ships the weather continued very fine, deluding the settlers into the belief that New Zealand enjoyed almost a tropical climate; but there was a rude awakening, the weather changed very suddenly, a boisterous sou'wester with a deluge of rain found many quite unprepared to withstand it. Tents were seen in every stage of collapse, blankets, toi-toi, and fern careering madly through air, and the houseless seeking and finding shelter wherever a good Samaritan could take them in. A local artist of a humorous turn executed a spirited sketch of these fugitive tenements while undergoing the process of disintegration, the fidelity of which and the elaboration of the details caused his friends to believe he must have executed it while taking shelter from the storm under the great bell of St. Michael's, at that time temporarily set up on the bank near by.

Curiosity and a desire for trade, the latter perhaps being the stronger motive, had attracted large numbers of Maoris from the adjacent bays in the Peninsula and Kaiapoi, so that the new arrivals had an early introduction to the Queen's aboriginal subjects. The inevitable war-dance was performed before a numerous if not an appreciative audience. A motley and partially nude mob mustered at the junction of Oxford and London Streets, armed with sticks and the leg-bones of cattle in lieu of ordinary native weapons. One of their number advanced to the front and delivered a very excited address, supposed to be extolling the deeds of some noted chief of their party or



SIR GEORGE GREY.

tribe, commending their own invincible courage, the weakness of the enemy, and the promise of an easy victory and cannibal feast to follow. During its recital he walked rapidly to and fro in front of them, delivering himself in an excited, jerky, spasmodic manner; then, with hideous grimaces, a rush was made by the whole body of them along London Street, and at its junction with Canterbury Street a halt was made, and another warlike orator advanced to the front and a repetition of the former proceedings followed.

After the foregoing a liberal supply of flour and sugar (ordered, it was understood, by Sir G. Grey) was distributed among the sable warriors. As at that time they all wore the ordinary native costume, a dirty sort of whitey-brown blanket, no difficulty was found in disposing of the rations of flour and sugar, one corner of the blanket being appropriated to the flour and another to the sugar. One individual Maori, known as the market gardener, from his always having a good supply of vegetables on sale, and whose successful dealing enabled him to don a blue cloth frock coat, black trousers, Wellington boots, and a tall hat, found himself at a disadvantage as compared with his brethren in having no convenient receptacle for his share of the flour and sugar. He surveyed his hat, but replaced it on his head, evidently considering it unequal to the emergency unless he chose to sacrifice a portion of the allotted quantity. A happy thought struck him. To the intense amusement of the onlookers he took off his Wellington boots, but not without a great deal of frantic pulling and hauling, (having just gone through the violent athletic exercise of the war-dance in them,) and carried off in triumph his share of flour in the one and sugar in the other. Present day residents of Canterbury have little or no conception of the trials and difficulties experienced by the pioneer settlers, both as regards house accommodation and the transportation of their goods and chattels to Christchurch and the plains; and these trials were shared alike by gentle and simple, employer and employé, land purchaser, and labourer.

One of the ladies, just before starting to walk over the bridle path to Christchurch, told the writer in a laughing

manner that she was glad to get away from the barracks in Lyttelton with the prospect of a little more freedom, as she had found it very trying and irksome living with her pots and kettles. She was alluding to the one room at the barracks, about 10 by 12, which was occupied by herself, husband and daughter, and which had to do duty as bedroom, sitting-room and kitchen. Others with large families were even more sorely inconvenienced. The genial good humour with which these trials, inseparable from a new settlement, were encountered and overcome was quite refreshing to witness, and then the sums that had to be paid for the conveyance of luggage and all personal effects in boats by way of Sumner to Christchurch, and the tramp over the range to Christchurch by ladies unaccustomed to much walking, are doubtless matters still held in remembrance by the fair pedestrians. In addition to the great expense incurred in sending goods by the boats, there was also the uncertainty as to when they would reach their destination, as the bar at Sumner sometimes caused considerable delay. For one or both of these reasons it was customary for parties migrating to the plains to load themselves with everything portable, and that could not even temporarily be dispensed with.

One evening, about a month after the arrival of the first four ships, the writer (having with a friend visited the Messrs. Deans at Riccarton) was returning to port, and had just waded through the swamp which lay in the line of march and could not be avoided, when he met a middle-aged man carrying a towering bundle, probably a bed. A few chains in his rear was his wife, also carrying a bundle nearly as large as the one carried by her husband. Shortly after appeared the eldest son, staggering under a heavy load. Closely following was his sister, also loaded. Several more of the family were met, all more or less loaded with absolutely necessary articles, having walked over the hills with their loads from port. It was their intention to camp near the site of the house intended to be built. This is only one instance of what was at that time a daily occurrence. In addition to the stream of pedestrians loaded with every conceivable article pertaining to household and culinary use to be met wending its weary way from the port

to the embryo city and various parts of the plains, resembling more the hasty retreat from a hotly besieged town than the exodus of a determined band of pilgrims bent upon establishing homes in this land of promise, were also to be seen certain enterprising Christchurch storekeepers. These were under the necessity of making frequent trips to

LYTTELTON.

and from port for such goods as were in urgent request, and which could not wait the tardy transit by boat. In the interests of their customers and the exigencies of trade, they did not hesitate to transform themselves into pack-horses for the nonce. It is pleasing to record that a well-merited success in trade attended such persevering efforts, and some of them are still among us quietly reposing upon the results of their exertions.

The advent of the "Bishop Designate!"—with what feelings of exultation his arrival was hailed. What exalted

expectations were entertained of the benefits that were to flow from the founding, the consolidating, and crowning of the Episcopal edifice of the youngest section of the English Church, in this the youngest of the English settlements! There was a great blowing of trumpets over this affair, but alas! his stay was of the briefest, and serious was the disappointment his hasty departure caused.

The title long lingered in the minds of the inhabitants, and when Sir William Congreve was a candidate for a

Photo.—F. C. B. Bishop.

SCHOOL OF ART, CANTERBURY COLLEGE BEYOND, CHRISTCHURCH.

newly-created office under one of the ordinances of the first Provincial Council, he used to be referred to as the "Scab Inspector designate."

This meteoric visit of a Bishop was regarded by some as a great "sham," not that anything unworthy was imputed to the high-minded gentlemen who were associated together

for the purpose of founding a Church of England settlement in New Zealand, and who in their zeal for transporting a section of "the Church" complete in all its parts considered it of paramount importance that the flock should be presided over by a Bishop.

Nevertheless, a strong opinion prevailed that his brief visit was only intended to give *eclat* to the enterprise, and to attract land purchasers. This opinion received strong confirmation when it became known that, owing to the land sales having fallen very far short of the reasonable expectations of the founders of the settlement, the latter had not only individually advanced large sums, but the financial necessities of the Association had obliged the borrowing of the £10,000 allocated to the "Bishopric Endowment Fund," so that until this was restored to its original purpose it was vain to hope for the consecration of a Bishop to the See."

IV.—HOW THE TERM PILGRIM CAME TO BE APPLIED TO CANTERBURY COLONISTS.

It was a fortunate circumstance that the founding of the Canterbury settlement took place just at the particular time it did, for had it been delayed twelve months it would have been wanting in one of the chief elements of its success. The discovery of gold in Australia would have given a different direction to the enterprise and energy of the stockholders and pastoralists, who arrived in Canterbury almost simultaneously with the English settlers, and who would not have been found seeking new country and fresh outlets for their surplus stock in New Zealand.

Just previous to the discovery of gold in Australia there was a great depreciation of station property and stock. Accounts of sales often appeared in the newspapers of that time, showing that stations were frequently sold with all the sheep depasturing thereon at a price computed according to the number of sheep, valuing the latter at from 4d. to 6d. per head, and this aggregate sum included station buildings, boiling-down establishments, and all the appurtenances of a first-class station. These pioneers in New Zealand of the

Australian squatters, finding the Canterbury Plains eminently adapted for stock-grazing, and the climate of New Zealand promising an immunity from those periodic visitations of floods and droughts, which were frequently so destructive to stock in Australia, may be supposed to have summed up the prospective advantages somewhat in this wise: New and fertile pastures, more lambs, more wool, fewer casualties, and for some, perhaps many years, a good market for stock, dispensing with the boiling-down process. Favourable reports soon found their way into the Port Philip (Victoria) and New South Wales papers, particularly one written by Mr. Joseph Hawdon, a gentleman upon whose judgment and experience the greatest confidence was placed, and in consequence many of the squatters joined in the migration to Canterbury, and a brisk carrying trade of sheep, cattle and horses to Lyttelton was the result.

The Canterbury settlers were not slow in profiting by so good an example, and by entering heartily into the same pursuit very soon convinced their exemplars that they were not deserving of the openly-expressed pity, closely allied to contempt, with which their Australian visitors were disposed to regard them. In the "Dream of a Shagroon," which bore the date Ko Motinau, April, 1851, and which first first appeared in the *Wellington Spectator* of May 7th, the term "Pilgrim" was first applied to the settlers; it was predicted in it that the "Pilgrims" would be "smashed" and the "Shagroons" left in undisputed possession of the country for their flocks and herds. Happily for the mutual advantage of both "Shagroons" and "Pilgrims," the predictions of the former were not verified.

It would be a mistake to suppose that in those early days of persistent hard work and dogged endurance there were no softening influences to take off and tone down the rugged asperities of colonial life. Balls, glee parties, and other social amenities were not wanting as a means of relaxation. The impromptu devices and artistic management of incongruous combinations, and amusing makeshifts to achieve a certain result, were not the least pleasing feature of these social reunions, which seemed to give partakers in them a keener sense of enjoyment.

The number of pianos imported by the first settlers formed the subject of some deprecatory remarks by one of the Australians in writing to a friend, and perhaps unconsciously helped to form the opinion that the "Pilgrims" would never succeed as colonists. On the other hand, it was charitably concluded by the "Pilgrims" that a long deprivation of the refinements of good society had warped the judgment of the "colonials," causing them to take too cynical a view of the new aids to colonization.

Canterbury used to be regarded by the other provinces as a very aristocratic settlement, and there were very good reasons for this opinion. The principle and object of its foundation had peculiar attractions for a superior class of settlers not usually found emigrating to the colonies, and bringing with them the refinements and also a good deal of the exclusiveness of good society, they very sensibly gave a tone and character to the settlement that, notwithstanding the levelling down tendency of colonial life, it has preserved to the present day.

In the early days of the settlement instances of this exclusiveness were more frequent and obtrusive than pleasant, and perhaps in resentment for slights of another kind, to none was it more frequently displayed than to the old "colonials." Upon the occasion of a public ball taking place, public so far that tickets were open for general sale, and upon a certain gentleman (who is still among us) and his wife presenting their tickets at the door, they were refused admission by the doorkeeper, (one of the self-elected *elite*) who was acting as steward for the occasion. The reasons assigned for refusal of admission must have been very unsatisfactory, for our friend did not pause to argue the point, but forthwith applied a manual torniquet to another point, to wit, the aforesaid steward's nose, and gave it such a vigorous wrench that for relief to his lacerated feelings and organ he applied to that redresser of grievances the R.M. A fine of £5 was imposed for this mild indulgence. The money was paid with cheerful alacrity, the operator remarking that he should be extremely gratified to practise more of the amusement at the same moderate charge.

The first note of discontent in the new settlement found vent in an indignation meeting held in Lyttelton by a considerable body of influential land purchasers, whose grievances were that the churches and schools promised by the Association, and for which one third of the price of all the land sold had been allocated, were not provided. This was an opportunity Mr. Godley, as agent for the Association, could not ignore, but resolved to "improve the occasion." The writer cannot attempt to do more than briefly indicate his line of argument. He did not betray the slightest feeling of impatience or annoyance at these demands being urged at that particular time, although he might have done so, knowing the peculiar financial difficulties with which the Association was then contending, and that Lord Lyttelton and others were then advancing large sums from their private purses to meet the heavy preliminary expenses incurred in preparing and founding the settlement. He delivered a long and eloquent peroration on the dignity of *work* and the inestimable privilege they each and all shared in assisting to found and build up the institution of a State and Church in this distant part of the globe; and ended a powerful appeal by proposing to head a subscription list on behalf of the Association with the sum of £500 and a contribution on his own account of £100 towards a fund for the erection of the first church in Canterbury. It is only necessary to record that all present warmly responded, and those who came to *censure* remained to *pay*. A few days after the meeting the subscription list was published, and amounted to nearly £900. It grieves me to write that the money raised by so much effort was utterly wasted through the incompetence of either the architect or builder, or both. The building erected was so faulty in design and construction, and so dangerous when a strong wind was blowing, that it had to be abandoned. and remained unused for two or three years, and when fresh funds were obtained it was taken down and the present one erected on its site.

The attractions of the Australian gold-fields, occurring, as they did, so soon after its formation, offered a powerful check to the young settlement, not only by withdrawing a good deal of the labour that had cost so much to import,

but by raising the cost of all the staple articles of consumption, making it very trying for all classes. During the whole of the winter and spring months of 1851 the wholesale price of flour was £40 per ton (quadruple the price it had been in Nelson the previous year); the 4 lb. loaf was sold at 1s. 8d., which at the present time of good wages would be thought almost a famine price. Under these circumstances and the glowing accounts of rich finds continually coming to hand it was not surprising that numbers of the labouring population left for the El Dorado.

At this time there was not a vestige of local or any other government in the colony over which the people could exercise any control, and colonial politics claimed and received a great deal of public attention. Under the existing *regime* it was customary for the government brig to make a periodical round of the settlement and empty all the coffers of local funds, and the settlers had to supplicate the Governor *in formâ pauperis* for a small dole of their own money for some absolutely necessary public work. Sir George Grey, following out the apparent traditions of the colonial Government in hostility to the English settlements, in the Legislative Council composed of his own nominees (the paid officers of the Government), at a meeting in Wellington in June, 1851, made a fierce attack upon the Canterbury settlement and the principles upon which it had been founded. Regarding it as an exclusive and class settlement, he characterised it as the "ugly duck" of New Zealand, chiefly on account of the high price of the land in its reserve block, which he considered to have been made purposely prohibitory to the working man's acquisition. It may be supposed, notwithstanding the autocratic way in which he conducted the government of the colony prior to the Constitution Act, that somewhere deep down in his inner consciousness there lay some democratic germs in a latent state, which, fructifying during the next twenty years, was the secret and reason of his stumping the country in the interest of the "unborn millions" that his prophetic eye saw in the distant future peopling these fair lands.

V.—REPRESENTATIVE INSTITUTIONS.

By an Act of the Imperial Parliament, passed June 30th, 1852, a constitution was conferred upon New Zealand, giving it a complete measure of self government and the control of all the waste lands of the colony, subject only to the liquidation of a debt due to the New Zealand Company of £268,000 secured upon the unsold lands of the colony. This debt was in a few years extinguished by a cash payment of £200,000, and the General Assembly having given the provinces the control and disposal of the unsold lands in their respective provinces, this debt of £200,000 was apportioned among them.

Sir George Grey brought the Constitution Act into force in New Zealand by a proclamation dated March 5th, 1853, and by another proclamation dated March 4th, 1853, forestalled the action and freedom of the future General Assembly in its dealings with the waste lands of the colony by arbitrarily reducing the established price to five shillings and ten shillings per acre, although fortunately it could not be applied to the land within the block reserved to the Association. This was considered so detrimental to the Canterbury settlement that Mr. Henry Sewell hastened to Wellington, and got a judgment of the Supreme Court that no valid title could be given to purchasers of land under the 4th of March proclamation. Notwithstanding which, as in the case of the issue of land scrip to the absentee land purchasers in 1846 or 1847, the decision of the Supreme Court was treated with supreme indifference.

Sir George Grey has been extolled as the great pro-consul and statesman, and was undoubtedly a very clever and successful governor, and rendered great services to the State, but he was also a man of strong prejudices, and in his bitter antagonism to the New Zealand Company committed himself to measures intended primarily to thwart that company's operations and defeat its plans. They recoiled upon the colony with far-reaching and injurious effect. His issuing of a quarter of a million pounds worth of land scrip to the company's absentee land purchasers was seen by the law officers of the Crown to be so detrimental to the colony's interest that the Queen's consent was withheld.

Nevertheless Sir George, in his autocratic way, issued the scrip, making it receivable at the land courts of the colony in payment of land purchased, in consequence of which there was no land fund for surveys or opening up the country with roads and bridges. Nelson, having had to extinguish the bulk of this scrip in exchange for nearly all of her surveyed and available land, and no revenue resulting, was, by the efforts of Sir David Monro, relieved of her portion of the £200,000 paid to the New Zealand Company.

There was one direction in which the price of land being £3 per acre, and the £2 to which it was subsequently reduced in Canterbury was eminently beneficial. It prevented the land being bought in large blocks, and thereby was of real advantage to the *bonâ fide* occupier; as it conserved it until he had learnt experience and managed to save sufficient to acquire the freehold of a small farm. Sir George's cheap land policy, on the other hand, enabled large blocks north, and south about the Orari, Temuka, and Timaru, just outside the Canterbury block, to be bought. In the Nelson Province a Mr. Robinson acquired a large block in the Amuri, which being paid for in scrip bought at a discount, the probability is that this land, the finest in New Zealand, did not cost the purchaser more than 2s. 6d. per acre. It only quite recently cost the present Government a quarter of a million to acquire it for small farms. The estate referred to is now known as Cheviot. The most successful legislation of the present Government has been the acquiring for closer settlement of estates created by Sir George's cheap land policy, which was a complete reversal of the principle upon which the colonisation of these islands was undertaken.

Edward Gibbon Wakefield, in his travels in Canada, had seen the evils of cheap land, resulting in young settlements being hemmed in by huge blocks of unoccupied country, bought by speculators and held for the unearned increment, forcing the *bonâ fide* occupier to take up land at long distances from markets, without roads and with no funds for making them.

VI.—THE FIRST ELECTION IN CANTERBURY.

It has been observed that Sir George Grey's proclamation reducing the price of land could not take effect in the Canterbury block, unless the Provincial Council, about to be constituted, chose to adopt it. Bread was still dear, and an idea was industriously circulated that cheap land and cheap bread went together. There began to be formed a strong and numerous party, chiefly in Lyttelton, in favour of cheap land (*i.e.*, the Government price). It may be here noticed parenthetically that at this time there were two or three recent arrivals from Australia, with large sums to their credit at the bank (one was stated to have £26,000, which seemed a fabulous sum in those days), not uninterested in the coming struggle, who quietly watched and waited.

J. E. Fitzgerald was the first candidate for the office of Superintendent, and Mr. Tancred shortly afterwards entered the lists; but as their opinions were identical upon the land question it was simply a question of men. The cheap land party saw their opportunity in the division of their opponents and put forward a Colonel Campbell as their candidate, with a very fair prospect of carrying the election. As there was no "Treating at Elections Bill" in force at that date, or any other restrictions particularly affecting elections, full scope could be given to the most exorbitant fancy. The Radical party fully took advantage of this liberty. Two or three public-houses in Lyttelton were known to be open houses on the day of election, if not for some days before. A band of music was improvised, and so were some of the instruments; a number of empty oil-drums were procured—perhaps it was fortunate kerosene tins were not available at that date; the oil drums were fitted with sheepskin ends, and as noise was the principal desideratum, they were a tolerable success. A local artist of the sign-painter order executed a large cartoon in gay colours; it was supposed to represent the two Opposition candidates, one holding a working man's nose to a grindstone, which the other was turning. This was fixed upon two long staffs and carried in the procession in the form of a large banner. The explanation of the grindstone device is as follows:—During the

first few months of 1851, ships loaded with immigrants arrived in quick succession, and as the barrack accommodation was not equal to such a rapid influx of people, only a very temporary stay (about a fortnight) could be allowed. Houses or other accommodation had to be found. It was the duty of the Immigration Agent (J. E. Fitzgerald) to carry out the regulations in force, and the compulsory evictions this involved brought him in unpleasant contact with nearly all the immigrants. It was not to be expected that they would be able to draw any nice distinctions between the office and the officer; hence he acquired a degree of unmerited unpopularity with the working classes that remained for many years.

To return to the election *festivities*, processioning was the order of the day. Various emblematic devices were improvised for the occasion. As the price of land was supposed to have some indirect influence upon the price of bread, a large loaf had the motto of cheap land attached to it, while dear land was represented by a very diminutive one. These were carried in procession amid a deafening noise, varied at intervals with the enlivening strains of "Cheer, boys, cheer!" and other popular tunes with good choruses, making things very lively in Lyttelton while the demonstration lasted.

It is pleasant to record that the whole affair was conducted with great good humour and honest mirth, there being no drunken rowdyism. Notwithstanding the strong opposition J. E. Fitzgerald was declared elected, but only by a small majority. The result of the election was accepted as a decisive settlement of the cheap *versus* dear land question, and the Australian land speculators before referred to hastened to make their land purchases just outside the block ere the Provincial Council should double or quadruple the recently reduced price.

There was one amusing episode connected with this election (though Mr. Fitzgerald's committee were grave enough about it at the time) that deserves a passing notice. By the election regulations then in force the onus of objecting to anyone not entitled to vote required a personal service of notice to appear before the Resident Magistrate within a specified time prior to an election. The writer,

being a member of Fitzgerald's committee, was cognisant of the fact of about fifteen notices being prepared to serve upon the parties not qualified to vote whose names were on the roll, and who, unless objected to, could exercise their votes.

OLD COLONIAL BANK, RANGIORA.

After a careful scrutiny of the roll, anticipating a very close contest, it was considered of the greatest importance that these notices should be served on the parties in good time, as they were all cheap landites. Judge of our chagrin and dismay when on proceeding to serve the said notices the birds had flown. Some generous philanthropist had chartered one of the small coasters belonging to the port, and had invited them to take a cruise to Akaroa. When, after admiring the beauties of that sylvan retreat, they returned from their lengthened picnic, recruited alike in health and spirits, and with exultant hilarity, they resolved themselves into the noisiest of the processionists.

The belief on the part of the opposition that the election of a Superintendent inimical to their views was conclusive,

showed a singular misapprehension of the political importance and power of the holder of that office. Yet no attempt was made to revive the agitation at the subsequent elections of the members of the Provincial Council, with whom the decision and settlement really rested.

There was another amusing incident connected with the election that may have a passing notice. Although it might have resulted in serious consequences it fortunately passed off harmless in the generally genial good humour which happily prevailed.

There was a joyous juvenility abroad, induced by the privilege of taking part for the first time in the government of the colony that was quite infectious. Ordinary staid elderly people could not help yielding to its influence. It was due to this, it may be supposed, that some members of Fitzgerald's committee, thinking the Radicals should not have all the fun, resolved to perpetrate a mild joke on their own account. There was a man named Brooks always loafing about the Mitre Hotel. He was a first-class waiter, and might have stood for the original of "Robert," the London waiter, whose idiosyncracies *Punch* so graphically described two or three years ago. He was on the roll of voters, but had no qualification. The joke was to entice him into a room of the Mitre and lock him in, first taking care the low window opposite Colonel Campbell's committee room at the Robin Hood pub. was unfastened, and could be easily opened. He was invited into the room to have a drink, and informed that a good dinner would be sent in to him, but that he must remain a prisoner until the poll closed, it closing in those days at 4 p.m. We then locked the door and went up the street to where there was a good view of the premises to await developments. We had not long to wait ere we observed the prisoner emerging from the window in full view of the crowd opposite, to whom he retailed his escape, and a great shout of triumph and derision went up at the base attempt to coerce a free and independent voter. We had overlooked the fact that free drinks were being dispensed all the morning, and with the pot-valour thus inspired, proposals were freely made to smash all the Mitre windows. We appealed to Rowland Davis, who was the ruling spirit of the cheap landites, and

explained matters. He was a sensible and genial man and stopped the clamour by ordering his men to "fall in," and the procession marched off to do the block round London, Oxford Street, and Norwich Quay, two other pubs. on the route being available for free drinks.

Members of the Provincial Council were elected shortly after the election of Superintendent. Canterbury colonists of the present day owe a deep debt of gratitude to the members of that first Provincial Council for resisting the agitation that would have brought the lands of the Province under Sir George Grey's low-price regulations. By fixing the price at £2 per acre, the "Wakefield sufficient price" was established, which, while not prohibitory, simply conserved it for the *bona fide* occupier, by discouraging the locking up of large blocks for speculative purposes. It at the same time derived a magnificent revenue from sales and pastoral rents, which in five years only (1853-58) amounted to £96,000 per annum, and in 1873 it totalled £650,000. The sheep numbered 2,600,000, and yield of wheat 1,500,000 bushels.

It would be out of place to burthen these short sketches with statistics, but it may be briefly stated that between the years 1863 and 1873 the Council voted and expended £200,000 on roads and bridges to open up the country, and between 1861 and 1866 the tunnel was begun and finished at a total cost of about £300,000.

Previous to this the Council had liquidated the debt due to the Canterbury Association incurred in the foundation of the settlement, and allocated to the Christchurch City Council for the formation of main streets the sum of £20,000 as compensation for having sold the Town Reserves.

Substantial buildings of all kinds were erected for Provincial purposes, and £100,000 allocated to the Timaru Harbour Board towards the cost of a breakwater. During the Superintendency of Mr. Rolleston, and on his initiation, a reserve of 100,000 acres was made for higher education, under which endowment the Canterbury College and the Agricultural College at Lincoln have been built and equipped. When Provincial institutions were abolished, Canterbury, besides the splendid public works, schools,

railways, and tunnel, also handed over to the General Government no less a sum than £750,000, and the following year £1,000,000 was so handed over as the proceeds of land sales in Canterbury.

The Provincial Executive in office at the time were imbued with such self-sacrificing notions that although the money (£14,000) for the erection of the Museum had been voted, and a contract for the erection accepted, it was seriously intended to cancel the contract and add the amount to help swell the sum to be surrendered to the General Government. However, the contractor got a hint of the intention to cancel his contract, and lost no time in carting a quantity of stone on to the site of the proposed building, and threatened to take legal proceedings for breach of contract. This had its due effect, and the building was erected as we now see it.

It is interesting to contrast the above with what happened in a neighbouring province. There, immediately on the close of the session of Parliament which abolished the Provinces, the Superintendent of the Province referred to summoned a meeting of his Council, and with wonderful alacrity and unanimity the Council proceeded to vote away for all kinds of works every shilling in the treasury; and, rising to the importance of the occasion, discovered the immediate necessity of putting in hand such a number of important public works that their execution involved a total expenditure of £300,000, which sum the General Government cheerfully paid out of the sum which Canterbury had handed over.

During the year 1853 there arrived in the Lyttelton Harbour the first steam vessel that had been seen in these waters—if we except the surveying ship "Acheron," that was engaged surveying the New Zealand coast and harbours previous to the formation of the settlement.

When the small steamer "Ann," Gibbs, master, from Sydney, steamed up the harbour in front of the town with colours flying, great was the excitement and jubilation in our small port. The captain was *féted*. A breakfast (*a la four cheteo*, so the tickets styled it) was laid in one of the immigration barracks, and nearly all port assembled to do honour to the captain and the occasion. Champagne corks

were flying, and toasts, loyal, patriotic and mercantile, were drunk in bumpers, and the most convivial hilarity prevailed.

The captain, having brought down an old worn out river boat, which he was anxious to sell, must have thought he had fallen among a singularly primitive and unsophisticated lot of people, and probably anticipated a speedy and successful termination to his venture. There is no doubt this would have been the case had not the Lytteltonians (perhaps fortunately in this instance) been in such a very impecunious condition that they were reluctantly obliged to forego the bait, to the great disappointment of the captain, who, having risked his life by the voyage from Sydney, had no desire to return thither in the same old tub.

The next advent of steam on the coast was the arrival of the "Nelson." Her presence was due to a steam "Trust Fund" made by the New Zealand Company on the foundation of the Nelson settlement, and although she was subsidised to the extent of £800 a year by the general Government, she only stayed on the coast about twelve months, so little intercommunication existed at that time between the settlements.

About the time of her departure the "Zingari," Captain Milton, arrived, and usefully filled the gap between the departure of the "Nelson" and the formation of a Wellington company, and was a great convenience in running between Lyttelton, Wellington, and Nelson. The writer used to make frequent trips in her, and when on board generally passed most of the time in the engine-room chatting with Mr. Nancarrow, the engineer, who was years afterwards Inspector of Steamers to the General Government. It was amusing to notice the various contrivances he had adopted to keep the engine tolerably stable and lessen the vibration. He had fixed chunks of timber at various angles, and had quite diminutive water-works in operation, taps distributed about with little streams running to keep the various bearings cool.

The next great advance in steam navigation on the New Zealand coast was the formation at Dunedin of the New Zealand Steam Shipping Company, which extinguished the small company at Wellington by buying their vessels,

PRINCE OF WALES MARRIAGE CELEBRATIONS, CHRISTCHURCH, 9TH JULY, 1863.

and quietly buying others eventuated in the up-to-date, powerful and extensive fleet of intercolonial and inter-provincial boats that have contributed so largely to the trade and prosperity of the colony.

On one occasion I took passage to Wellington in the "Zingari," and was a week doing the trip. Soon after leaving Lyttelton a strong head wind was met, and by the time the Kaikouras were reached the coal was so nearly done that the captain had to knock off steam, and under sail we stood off the land all day and sailed back during the night. Wellington Heads were reached at last, and steam got up, but before the steamer reached the wharf one of the boats had to be broken up to keep up steam till the vessel was berthed at the wharf. I omitted to refer to the steamers brought on the New Zealand coast through the energy and exertions of Crosby Ward in arranging with America for a mail route to Europe *via* Panama, which did not continue very long. During its continuance one of the American boats came into Lyttelton and excited a good deal of wondering curiosity, looking like a two-storied house on a raft, and being fitted with one of the long-obsolete beam engines, and the huge lofty crank sticking up amidships gave her a very queer comical appearance.

On the termination of this early mail contract the steamers were withdrawn, except two which left their bones on the coast, the "Claud Hamilton" down south, and the "Lord Ashley" on the west coast of the North Island.

The ranks of the old settlers are so rapidly thinning that the writer hopes the perusal of these brief sketches will revive a pleasant memory of those old days of trials and struggles, which have probably left some scars and regrets, but which beneficent time has softened and healed.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.

By G. Dunnage.

I SAILED from Gravesend on 8th September, 1851, in the good old ship "Fatima," under Captain Sproul. The voyage was a pleasant one, and considering that the vessel was becalmed for a fortnight on the "Line," it made what was then considered a quick run from port to port. We reached Lyttelton Heads on the evening of the 26th of December, 1851. At break of day the pilot boarded the ship, and we tacked slowly up to our anchorage. Our first painful duty on these shores was to accompany the remains of a fellow passenger, who had died off the Heads, to his final resting place.

Lyttelton looked very picturesque with white tents dispersed on the face of the hills; the Canterbury Association Barracks (where preparations were made to welcome the fresh arrivals), the villas few and far between, with cattle contentedly grazing around, and above a bright sun and a cool breeze, all helped to give a favourable impression of our new home.

During the afternoon I climbed the bridle path, and from the summit of the hill contemplated the wide expanse of the Canterbury Plains. The native bush dotted here and there at Riccarton, Papanui, Kaiapoi and Rangiora, the silvery lines of the flowing rivers, the placid ocean to the east and north-east, and as a background the snowy ranges extending from the Kaikoura on the north east to beyond the Rakaia Gorge on the west, all tended to make a grand panorama. I smoked the pipe of peace and wondered what my future lot might be. So far I felt happy and contented. Holding a commission in the Austrian Imperial Service, I knew that I could resume my early career as a soldier should I meet with disappointment; but

I soon learned that "old colonists" never caved in, happen what would; reverses only gave us more energy to overcome all difficulties, and success was to be our only motto. Nevertheless, when one recalls the names of this hard-working but cheerful band of pioneers, how few who bore the toil and hardships of the early days really reaped the fruit of their labour. It is a true saying, "one soweth and another reapeth," in very many instances later arrivals secured the reward which should have been to the pioneer, but where the fault lay it would be difficult to explain.

During the day we had numerous visitors, all eager with good advice; among others a party from Akaroa, who did their best to convince me that it was the only place worth living in. It ended in my promise being given to accompany them the following day. The time appointed was ten o'clock; we were to take a boat to Pigeon Bay and to walk on to Akaroa. The fates were, however, adverse to this scheme; at the appointed time the boat came alongside, and with my brother we took our seats. No sooner had we done so when a N.E. gale sprang up; of course my Peninsula friends knew what to expect and they wisely put back, at the same time they persuaded me to land at Purau, from which place they assured me of an easy walk to Pigeon Bay, where I could rest the night and make Akaroa the next day.

Accordingly I landed with my brother, little knowing what we had in store. We had been three months and a half on board ship, we had taken a light breakfast and carried no provisions. I had been accustomed to hilly country and roughing it all my life, but not so with my brother.

We started on our walk in splendid spirits; the day was fine, the sun very powerful. We knew we had a hill to climb, but I thought nothing of this, and we soon found ourselves on the bush track leading over the hill; but we had not gone very far before my brother began to show signs of distress. After taking frequent rests we reached the summit, and deceived ourselves by thinking we had nearly reached the end of our toilsome tramp, but conceive our disappointment on reaching Mr. Sinclair's to be told we were in Port Levy, and there was another hill to climb—a short one, it is true, but very steep and perfectly

VIEW OF PLAINS FROM BRIDLE PATH.

nude of shelter. We stayed a short time at the pah in Port Levy, and felt slightly nervous interviewing the Maoris for the first time; they, however, were very civil and showed us the shortest cut over the hill. There was no track, the sun was very fierce, and no breeze. We commenced our climb, but it was with the greatest difficulty I could get my brother along, and one can conceive my joy when at last the summit was reached. It was now getting dusk, but we managed to find the accommodation house after dark.

CAPTAIN LAVAUD'S HOUSE, AKAROA.

Next morning my brother was too unwell to proceed, so I hired some Maoris to take us back to Lyttelton in a whaleboat, for which they charged £3; and so ended the Akaroa expedition. It was some years later before I visited these parts again.

My next move was to Christchurch. It is quite impossible for the present generation residing in the City, with its fine buildings and all its luxuries, to realise

the Christchurch of the early fifties. It was simply a site chosen for a township, partly swamp and broken ground, mostly covered with raupo, native flax, and tutu ; there were a few houses scattered here and there, the most prominent being Dr. Barker's, a good landmark for a number of years, Mr. W. G. Brittan's, and the Land Office. I interviewed Mr. Godley, and I found him most courteous, and he kindly advised me as to the selection of land in satisfaction of my father's "Land Order." I may state that my father was chaplain on board the "Fatima." He sustained a slight stroke of paralysis on the voyage, and never recovered his health ; he died in May, 1853, at Papanui, and his name is the first entry on the register of deaths in that parish.

By Mr Godley's advice we selected land situated at Papanui, having 38 chains frontage on the North Road. At that period the section was a swamp, there being only about three acres of dry land. Now the greater part of the eastern side of the village of Papanui is built on the old section ; the reason for selecting this was the hope that my father's health might be restored, and he might be able to resume clerical duty, as even at this early stage of the settlement a working population, mainly sawyers, was settling at Papanui on account of the bush.

The most important thing now was to get settled on the land and to erect the house which we brought from England. The weather continuing fine, we finished it sooner than I anticipated, and I expect many old colonists will remember the building, which was visible for a long distance. The outside walls and roof were covered with felt and tarred. It was a very convenient and comfortable house. Owing to bad roads, or rather want of roads, cartage from the "Ferry" to Papanui was £2 10s. per ton. A Mr. Archer had the contract, and used a team of eight bullocks, and found a ton weight quite a sufficient load.

Although we fared and worked hard in those days, we had our times of recreation, and I have enjoyed many a ball, when dancing was prolonged into the small hours. Our pleasure was perhaps enhanced by the difficulties of locomotion. The special conveyances then in use consisting of drays and carts propelled by bullocks, cows, and horses,

it is difficult to realise in these sumptuous days the fun and laughter we enjoyed on these occasions.

Travelling and exploring was then no light task ; you had to depend on the services of your horse. We possessed a hardy breed, imported chiefly from Tasmania and Sydney. It could travel 50 to 60 miles a day at a push, carrying its rider and a heavy swag, and was dependent chiefly on the native tussock for its food. You either hobbled or tethered it at night, and it was always ready to carry you on next day.

I will give a short description of my journey through the Mackenzie country.

It had been reported that at various times a number of sheep were missed from Messrs. Rhodes' run, "The Levels." At last tracks of a mob of sheep were traced over the range, and being followed up resulted in the capture of a man named MacKenzie, with the missing sheep. It was also reported that a large extent of new country had been discovered. My restless spirit moved me to explore this unknown country. This was no light undertaking, and attended with no little danger ; there were large rivers to ford, and no roads or even tracks to guide one. My horse was not strong enough for such a journey, so I decided to buy another. I knew the only trustworthy horse dealer very well, and I felt certain that he would not deceive me. I told him what I required. He said he could suit me, but the price would be a long one—£75. I gave him his price, and a better or more willing horse at a pinch I have never ridden. I made two more trips with him over the same country, then sold him for £70. He was then a little out of condition ; otherwise I could have got £80.

A few days later I started on my journey, carrying a pretty heavy swag. There was a small accommodation house at the Rakaia, and a guide to point out the ford. After this I had to shift for myself. I crossed the Rangitata without difficulty the horse behaving admirably, but I did not like the large boulders. The only other river of any consequence was the Opihi. I worked my way gradually to Burke's Pass. The country so far had been pretty level and good for riding. The only living creature I came across was an occasional wild pig, which scampered away at my approach. Through the pass the country became very

Photo.—J. W. Bate.

CHRISTCHURCH HOSPITAL.

rough, overgrown with "wild Irishman" and scrub, and I had to cross the Opihi about twenty times in a distance of five miles. At length I came to a low saddle leading into the Mackenzie Plains. I now thought to have better times, but I found myself greatly mistaken. I camped for the night at the foot of the spur. Next morning I saddled and resumed my journey, here I was much struck with the grand scenery; the snowy ranges looked magnificent in the distance, and would compare favourably with some parts of Switzerland, through which I had walked, carrying my knapsack during the summer of 1846.

The plains were very rough riding, not only stony, but bestrewed with large boulders and sharp "Spaniards," of which my horse did not approve, and it required a tolerably good rider to sit him. The feed was very poor, but would improve by burning. I came to Lake Tekapo, and followed down the river bearing that name for some distance. I then made for a low saddle (now known as Whale's Back) and came to the Haketeramea Pass (then unknown), which led to the Waitaki. From here I took an easterly direction and found Mackenzie's Pass, which was both difficult and dangerous to tackle with a horse. I managed, however, to get through safely, and I was now on my road back to Christchurch, which I reached after ten days' exciting experience. I may state that my horse came in nearly as fresh as when it started.

THE ESCAPADES OF MACKENZIE.

By E. W. Seager.

I ARRIVED in New Zealand in the year 1851 in the barque "Cornwall," and have been in the Government employ since that date. During that time I have met with many remarkable men. Amongst the most remarkable was John Mackenzie, after whom the Mackenzie country was named. A few words regarding his life and exploits may be not uninteresting.

John (known as Jock) Mackenzie was a Highland shepherd born in Rosshire. He emigrated to Australia about the year 1845, and two years after he left Australia and came to New Zealand. He landed in Otago, and at first followed no particular pursuit, but made a precarious living by getting an occasional job at sheep-driving. In this way he became well acquainted with the stations of North and South Canterbury.

After a short time spent in the Mataura district he tracked north into the interior. He took with him a collie dog and a bullock, the latter carrying all his possessions. During his explorations, which lasted a considerable time, he discovered a vast tract of hitherto unknown country, which lay back to the north-west of the district now known as Timaru, and of the run occupied by Messrs. G. and R. J. Rhodes and now known as "The Levels."

After this discovery Mackenzie returned to Otago, made his way to the Land Office, and obtained from Mr. Manson, who was then Commissioner of Lands, a license to occupy country bearing north-west from Timaru, and midway between the sea and the West Coast of the Middle Island. The manner in which he obtained this license will be explained later.

In 1855, with the assistance of his dog, he cut out from the Levels' flock a draft of sheep, among which there was a black one. These sheep he drove up the valley, over the pass, and down to the plains. Here he camped. When Mr. Sidebottom, overseer to Messrs. Rhodes, next mustered, he missed the black sheep and about a thousand others. With the help of a Maori boy he tracked the mob to the pass, which still bears the name of Mackenzie. Upon reaching the plain on the other side they saw a bullock in

COLOMBO STREET, ANCIENT.

the distance, and further on a small tent, in which they discovered a man asleep. He had a gun lying by his side. On being aroused he was asked how he came there, but the only answer he vouchsafed was, "That's my business." Then he leaped to his feet and seized a piece of wood, with which he felled Mr. Sidebottom to the ground, after which he bolted. Upon recovering Mr. Sidebottom found the sheep, which were being faithfully guarded by Mackenzie's dog. He then told the boy to make his way to Purau,

inform Mr. Rhodes, and give him a description of the man. The boy started on a Saturday, and had to make his way along the 90-mile beach, as there was then no track inland. He reached Purau on the following Friday morning, and reported the matter to Mr. Rhodes.

Upon receiving the message Mr. Rhodes immediately made his way to the police office at Lyttelton, and reported the matter to me. At my suggestion he inserted an advertisement in the *Lyttelton Times*, which was then published only on Saturday, giving a description of the thief and offering a reward of £100 for his apprehension.

Considering the desperate nature of the man, I knew it would be a ticklish job to effect his arrest. I therefore took some few hours to mature my plans. A steamer called the "Zingari," commanded by the late Captain Milton, was at this time lying in the harbour, and was due to sail for Sydney on the following day. I thought it possible the canny Scot might make for the port and try to get aboard this vessel. I therefore dressed myself in the garb of an up-country "Shagroon" and searched the vessel; but with no result I then made enquiries at all the hotels and lodging houses, and thoroughly explored the outskirts of the town, but found no clue to my man.

Now between London Street and Norwich Quay at that time ran a narrow alley way, in which there was a little shanty occupied by a Mrs. W. It consisted of two small rooms downstairs, while overhead was a small loft, to which access was gained by a flight of stairs outside, leading up to a small door at the gable end.

At half past eleven at night I went to Mrs. W., and asked her whether she had a Frenchman living with her. On her asking me what sort of man he was I told her he was short, stout, black bearded and haired, and had a strong foreign accent. She at once denied that she had any such man there, but very willingly described her lodger. As her description tallied exactly with Mr. Rhodes' description of Mackenzie I was pretty sure I had at length run my quarry to earth. Any doubt I had was dissipated when she told me that her lodger had arrived that afternoon, and that he seemed utterly worn out. She had let him a bunk in the loft, and he had at once turned in, and had not left the

place since. Not wishing to arouse her suspicion, I told her he was not the man I was after, and took my leave.

On arriving at the police station I picked out the two best men in my small force, by name Lander and Hurry, and told them to dress in plain clothes and arm themselves. We then made our way to Mrs. W——'s house, for I had determined to search it. I told the constables that when I entered the house and shut the door after me they were to quietly mount the steps and take up a position on the landing. When they heard me shout, "You are the man," they were to rush in and cover him.

Leaving them outside I then went to Mrs. W. and told her that I was about to search the house, and as there was likely to be a scrimmage I would be compelled to lock her up in one of the rooms. The poor old soul was dreadfully frightened; but at once consented to do what I wanted her to do.

I then went outside again, ascended the stairs leading to the loft and entered. On looking round I found myself in a room 6 ft. high in the centre, but the roof sloped down to within a foot of the floor at the sides. It was about 8 ft. in length and contained two bunks. On a shelf at the far end of the room a candle was burning. By its light I saw that one of the bunks was occupied. In it lay a man with the most remarkable eyes I have ever seen. They were ferret-like and so keen and piercing as to give a character of cunning to the whole face. The man had red hair and uncommonly high cheek bones, and from his size seemed an ugly customer to tackle.

I took off my cabbage-tree hat, loosened my neckerchief and shirt-band, and shifted the candle out of his reach. The ferret eyes followed me the whole time, and I took very good care not to turn my back to their owner.

At last I turned to him and said, "Hullo, Jock, how did you get here?" He made no reply. I again repeated my question, and explained, "Why, surely you recollect me? We met in Otago and afterwards in the back country." "I dinna ken ye," was all the verbal answer I got, but from under the blankets came a mysterious clicking sound.

Then I raised my pistol and covered him, shouting "You are the man. I arrest you on a charge of stealing sheep

Photo.—F. C. B. Bishop. COLOMBO STREET, 1900.

from the Levels' Station." The appearance of that man's face was one never to be forgotten ; but before he could move the two constables rushed in and covered him. I ordered them to strip him of the blanket and turn him over, and before he could realise his position the cuffs were on him, and I had bagged my man. He was conveyed to the lock-up and searched. On him were found powder and caps, a large clasp knife, and a very dilapidated piece of parchment. This latter proved to be a license authorising John Mackenzie to occupy certain unexplored country, lying north of Otago and between the east and west coasts of Canterbury. I was somewhat surprised at not finding a pistol on him, but I afterwards discovered the clicking sound had been made by his fingers.

After the excitement of searching him was over, I suddenly remembered that the poor woman was locked up in the house. On making my way thither I found her in a sad plight, but consoled her somewhat by promising her a reward for the information she had given me, which had led to the man's arrest.

The arrest was at once reported to Mr. C. C. Bowen, the Inspector of Police. When I went across to Purau and informed Mr. H. Rhodes of the arrest, he pooh-poohed the idea that my man was Mackenzie, saying that he could not possibly have made the journey to Lyttelton in the time. But on my pointing out that the Maori boy had done it quite as quickly, he began to think I might have got the right man. He therefore went over to Lyttelton with me and identified Mackenzie. I subsequently discovered that Mackenzie had arrived in Lyttelton on the previous day (Thursday), and had slept at Mr. Collier's bakehouse, in London street. Mr. George Collier, one of the sons, had not liked his appearance, and had induced his father to get rid of him by giving him 5s. to find a lodging elsewhere.

The prisoner was brought before Captain Simeon, R.M , and remanded for the evidence of Mr. Sidebottom. He was eventually committed for trial.

In due course he was brought before Mr. Justice Stephen, who, with the whole retinue, crier and all, had come down from Wellington for the session. Upon being called on to plead, Mackenzie remained stolid and silent, apparently

taking no interest in the proceedings. The judge again called upon him to plead; but with no result. The trial then proceeded during which the dog was produced. Upon being brought into court, she at once recognised her master, and wagged her tail and whined. The recognition was mutual—the man was overcome and fairly cried. Mr. Side-bottom gave evidence that the dog produced was the animal he had seen guarding the sheep. Then he and I detailed the coversations we had had with Mackenzie. The judge found him guilty.

Being called upon in the usual manner, Mackenzie showed the greatest emotion. To the astonishment of all in court he begged, with tears in his eyes, that the dog should be permitted to accompany him to gaol; and he made his request in English. The judge at once remarked this, and answered: "By your behaviour you have tried to make the court believe you were acquainted with only the Gallic language. It is evident that you are not only acquainted with English, but speak it fluently. As to your keeping the dog that will entirely rest with the gaol authorities." He then sentenced the prisoner to five years' penal servitude. The dog was taken south, where for years her progeny was much sought after.

Mackenzie was set to work with the other prisoners forming Oxford street.

About four months after his conviction he managed to make his escape. He was seen by the guard making his way at full speed up Oxford street, towards the top of Mount Pleasant. The alarm was given and we gave chase. He was caught the following day, and being brought before the justices, Messrs. J. T. Cookson and Fitzgerald, was sentenced to three months in 18lb. irons.

Before the three months had expired he was seen one afternoon to knock the handle from his pick, drop his irons, and bolt up the hill towards the Sumner Valley. The guard fired and missed, which is not to be wondered at when we consider that the arms supplied to the police consisted of an old boarding pistol and a very old carbine. Indeed, the latter was so old that the barrel was often split down some inches from the muzzle, and it was absolutely dangerous to fire it.

Upon the alarm being given, Mr. Reston, the gaoler, and I started off in pursuit, and traced the runaway to the Sumner Valley. Next morning we again searched the hills, and discovered that he had secreted himself in the fern in a gully, half-way down the Valley, on the right hand side. We also found the anklets of the irons which he had knocked off. He had cut the rivets of his irons with jagged tin. Having been tracked across the plain by a party of gentlemen, who had volunteered for the pursuit, he was seen some

Photo.—W. A. Carew.

YACHTING IN LYTTELTON.

few miles beyond White's Accommodation House. Being soon overtaken, he was arrested again, bound with a tether rope, placed on a dray, and escorted towards Christchurch. When the party had gone a few miles it was discovered that Mackenzie had once more made his escape. Chase was given, and, as he refused to stop, one of the men fired at him, and, striking him in the back with a slug, brought him down. He was then taken back to Lyttelton Gaol and heavily ironed.

Four months afterwards, being sent out with the hard-labour gang, he again escaped. For some time the police and some volunteers searched the country for miles around without finding any trace of the fugitive. It then occurred to me that the Maoris might be of some assistance, and I suggested to the authorities that their help should be solicited. In those days there were no roads, and the bush in many cases extended almost to the water's edge. From this bush, near Cooper's Knobs, I had seen a column of smoke arising, and it struck me that it might be caused by Mackenzie. I therefore arranged with the Maoris of Kaupaki to search this, and promised their chiefs, Paul and Isaiah, £10 if they captured Mackenzie alive or dead. During the next few days I heard nothing of my friends the Maoris, and, getting tired of waiting, I set out to Raupaki to see if they had commenced operations. I had not gone more than halfway when I saw a large crowd of natives coming towards me and making a great hullabaloo.

As soon as I came within shouting distance of them they roared at the top of their voices—"Kapai, te pakeha, haerendi te whare, areare kapai te Teager, kapa te utu," which, being interpreted, means—"All right, we have got the white man. We are taking him to the gaol. All right, Mr. Seager, we shall have the money.

Sure enough they had him. In the middle of the crowd were four men with a pole, hanging to which was something covered with a dirty blanket. On the blanket being removed I discovered poor Mackenzie, trussed like a fowl, and tied to the pole with flax. I released him from his lashings, and gave him a drink from my flask to pull him together; for the rough treatment of the natives had half killed him. Then we started off back to the gaol, escorted by the Maoris, who were eagerly looking forward to the £10 they were about to handle. The natives beguiled the tedium of the way by telling me how they had effected their capture. They had found him in the clump of trees I had pointed out, and as he had resisted vigorously they had had to resort to the drastic means of quietening him of which I had seen an example.

Having received their £10, the Maoris determined to have a feast at the Lyttelton Pah, then situated on a piece

of land since removed to form the entrance to the tunnel. To this feast I received a special invitation, and, needless to say, I accepted it, especially as the fare was to consist of Lipi, dried shark and potatoes. Upon arriving at the Pah I found the "Lipi" mixed in a canoe. It consisted of flour, sugar, and water. The men were sitting round, helping themselves by means of pannikins, mussel shells, and their hands. I was hesitating about falling to, when a great yell was heard. On looking up to learn the cause, I saw that a little boy, who was in a state of nature, and had been making frantic efforts to get at the Lipi, had overbalanced himself, and fallen head first in. On being hauled out the child was handed over to the women, who proceeded to scrape him with their hands and shells. Evidently they thought it a dainty morsel, for very little stuff from the picannini was wasted.

Owing to the frequent escapes of Mackenzie, and the expense the Government incurred in his capture, it was thought advisable by the authorities to get the man out of the colony. It was therefore decided to petition the Governor (Colonel Gore Brown) for a conditional pardon. Mr. H. J. Tancred, as sheriff, was appointed to draw up a petition embodying a clause that Mackenzie should leave the colony, and should be compelled to serve his unexpired term if he should at any time return. In a short time the Governor arrived, and the warrant was signed. Mackenzie was released, placed on board ship, and departed to Sydney. I am informed by Mr Collier that he returned once; but on receiving a hint from the authorities he left these shores for good.

MEETING OF BISHOP SELWYN AND BISHOP HARPER.

By E. W. Seager.

HAVING had the privilege of being the first person to welcome the late Bishop Harper to Canterbury, also of witnessing the meeting of the Bishop and the Primate (Bishop Selwyn), I venture to think a narrative of the event may be of some little interest to the reader.

About three weeks after the arrival in Lyttelton of Bishop Selwyn in his yacht from the north, in order to give welcome to Bishop Harper to his diocese, the ship "Egmont" being then a little overdue, the Bishop became very anxious. On the morning of 21st December, 1854, he came to the office and said,

"I am compelled to go to Christchurch, could you arrange in the event of the vessel arriving to send a messenger over?"

I then suggested that if a ship was signalled before he gained the top of the bridle path I would wave a handkerchief. He had reached about two-thirds of his way up when a red flag was run up the staff on Mount Pleasant. (This was the signal station.) I gave the signal as arranged, and went down in the quarantine boat to the ship, then outside the Heads, which proved to be the "Egmont." Upon getting on board the first to meet me was Bishop Harper and Mr. J. G. Harman. The Bishop was informed of my official capacity—I was then Immigration Officer and Inspector of Police—and I was then introduced by the Bishop to Mrs. Harper. The family clustered around while the Bishop and Mrs. Harper were inquiring after their friends ashore. The first question was,

"Do you know of the whereabouts of Bishop Selwyn?"

I pointed out the yacht at anchor, and suggested that if they would fix their glasses on the furthermost point on the right (Officer's Point) in all probability they would shortly see a whaleboat rounding the corner with a gentleman at the steer oar. This would be Bishop Selwyn. While waiting the appearance of the boat, the family were asking me questions, the ladies appeared to be curious respecting my uniform, then consisting of a navy cap with band,

BISHOP HARPER.

blue shirt with narrow red braid round collar and cuffs, white duck trousers. They appeared to be particularly struck with the blue shirt. I then made friends with Mr. C. Merton and family. Of course music was the first thing thought of; his face brightened up upon being told we had a Choral Society, and that he was just in time for a concert. Presently an exclamation came from Mrs. Harper, who was the first to see the boat—

"I can distinguish a boat; there is the Bishop, I can see his hat plainly."

Gradually the boat drew near. I watched the face of Bishop Harper—its joy and anticipation mingled with

anxiety. In the subsequent years I knew the Bishop, never have I seen him so excited; he was usually so calm, thoughtful, and passive. When within hailing distance, Bishop Selwyn raised his hat and waved it. Bishop Harper repeated the salutation. Then followed a waving of handkerchiefs from the passengers clustered on deck, and eventually the boat came alongside. Bishop Selwyn was soon on board, with both hands clasped in those of Bishop Harper. They gazed at each other silently for a few seconds, Mrs. Harper and the famiy all smiles, standing closely around. Then followed hand-shaking, enquiries, and congratulation. What a subject or a photograph!

Miss Harper (Mrs. Acland) drew my attention to wheat growing in a tumbler, in which was placed damped flannel, also mustard and cress grown in the same way, and suspended over the eating table.

As it was blowing south-west it took some hours for the vessel to beat up to her anchorage. Upon her arrival at the port boats came off containing clergy, friends and others, who gave Bishop Harper and family a right good welcome.

Bishop Harper was installed by Bishop Selwyn at the St. Michael's Church on December 24th. Mr. Greyson, being notary public, read the necessary documents. Bishop Harper preached the sermon.

I might add that the medallion on the Selwyn pulpit in the Cathedral, representing the meeting of Bishop Selwyn and Bishop Harper taking place on the wharf, is not correct.

E. W. SEAGER.

September 29th, 1900.

SHEEP-DRIVING IN THE EARLY DAYS.

By Sir John Hall, K.C.M.G.

I AM requested to write for the New Zealand Natives' Association some recollections of early Canterbury. Like most early settlers, my recollections are largely connected with sheep and sheep-driving, an industry which, in the early days, was expected to be, and for a long time proved to be the mainstay of the settlement.

When in 1852 I landed in Canterbury, there were but few sheep in the province, or settlement as it was then called, and sheep, as well as cattle and horses, were being brought from Australia. The principal importer was Mr. Charles Sidey, to whose enterprise we were largely indebted, and who still survives to enjoy its fruits. Sometimes he brought his stock over to order, but at others imported on his own account and sold his shipments on arrival. Mr. Sefton Moorhouse also brought one, if not more, shipments of stock. I believe he was not very successful, and on one occasion had so protracted a voyage that he and his fellow travellers had to eat part of their horses.

Among newly landed sheep and cattle heavy losses were sometimes incurred through eating "tutu." In the neighbourhood of what is now called Weedons there were two very troublesome stretches of this noxious plant, which most imported sheep had to cross. If they were allowed to feed or rest there soon after landing, probably half of them would be "tuted" and lost. The practice therefore was to give them a good rest before reaching this locality, and then to rush them through the "tutu" so hurriedly that they could not feed.

When I enquired on reaching Canterbury about the prospect of obtaining a sheep run, I was told that all the conntry fit for sheep farming to the north of the Rakaia was already taken up. This was not correct, but I believed it at the time, and therefore, with a couple of fellow-passengers and a Maori guide, proceeded to examine country to the south, which was then spoken of as a sort of unknown trans-Rakaia wilderness—it had only been explored by surveyors and by the Rhodes brothers on their way to form a station at Timaru. Our journey was an instructive one: we found the country good, and inhabited by wild pigs, wild dogs, and an abundance of rats. Before deciding, however, where to settle I spent some time in visiting the North Island, and tramped through the Wairarapa and the then unoccupied Hawkes' Bay district. After this I returned to Canterbury, and took up a run across the Rakaia, being the first person to do so, except Messrs. Rhodes. The river was a formidable obstacle, however, especially to a new chum who wanted to get himself and his sheep settled beyond it. Like a new chum I thought the establishment of a ferry would be a work of no great difficulty. After some persuasion Mr. Godley, the agent for the Canterbury Association, gave me a contribution to the cost of the undertaking, and I set to work. I bought a large canoe, got it carted to the Rakaia, opposite to what is now the Rakaia township, and with some friends, of whom Mr. Harman is now the only survivor, we made an attempt in rather new chum fashion to fix up the ferry. We concluded that the best way to do this was to get a rope stretched across the main stream and run the canoe along the rope. Our tether ropes joined together proved long enough to stretch across. Having no tree or pile to secure the shore end to we filled a large woolpack with boulders, and found it quite heavy enough to hold our rope. One end of the rope was then fastened to the woolpack, the rest coiled in the bow of our little bark, and we started on our voyage. Several times we failed to fetch across, but at last towards evening the canoe did reach the south bank. I was not in her on that occasion, though I had been so generally during the day. When the party landed one of them was left to hold the canoe, and the rest started off to explore the

wilderness. Then happened what any but new chums might have foreseen. The rope bellied down the stream, and gradually pulled the boat and its guardian away from the shore; when the said guardian had been dragged into the water up to his waist he had to let go; the canoe went away into the middle of the stream, but fortunately held by the rope on my side, and my friends were left in a very awkward predicament on the other side. The nearest human beings beyond the Rakaia were the Maoris at Arowhenua. The season was winter; the weather was cold; the sun was nearly down; the party had no matches and no grub; and having been prepared for a possible swim they were very scantily clad. I am informed, and believe, they passed a very uncomfortable night. Owing to the darkness I could then do nothing except drag the canoe back to my own side, which fortunately I was able to do. The next morning I found a place in the river where I could swim my horse across, and was able to take food and matches dry to my unfortunate fellow-travellers. One of the party rode my horse back, and went to a station, where he secured the services of an old sailor, more accustomed to boating than our party were, and with some trouble the canoe was taken across and the whole party brought safely back to the north shore.

After this experiment I thought it better to let someone else be the first actual settler across the Rakaia, and hearing that Mr. Stoddart's run and sheep were for sale, I bought them and have remained there ever since.

This did not, however, prevent me from having in my time a good deal of sheep-driving and river work to do, and I did not findthe big snow rivers any pleasanter than the Rakaia had proved on my first making its acquaintance.

The ways of sheep when wanted to cross a big river are inscrutable. Sometimes they will take to the water easily enough, and are got over a deep stream without much difficulty or loss of time; at other times it would seem as if all the king's dogs and all the king's men could not induce them to take a swim. Even when pushed into deep water and made to start swimming in the right direction they would frequently turn round in the most provoking manner, and make straight back for the shore they had left. I have

Photo.—Wheeler and Sons.

RAKAIA GORGE.

seen men nearly up to their waists in water for hours without being able to get sheep to cross. It was not only uncomfortable but risky work.

A Parliamentary return obtained by Sir E. Stafford showed so large a number of victims to our rivers that he stated drowning ought to be classed in New Zealand as a natural death. On one occasion one of my brothers, with whom I was working, was carried off his legs in the Waimakariri, and he would doubtless have been drowned had he not been a very strong swimmer. On another occasion, when taking a large mob to the Mackenzie country, I got into a very awkward fix. We were crossing the Rakaia where it ran in two principal streams, forming an island between them. With some difficulty we got the sheep across one stream on to the island, but not all the exertions nor all the strong language of both men and dogs, continued for nearly a whole day, would make the mob face the second stream. It was blowing a heavy nor'-wester, the river was rising, and if we did not quit the island before the river got much higher there would be no chance for the sheep and much risk for ourselves. I spent that night chiefly in calculating my probable losses. At daylight we made one more attempt, and to my great and agreeable surprise the flock took to the water like ducks, and were across in no time.

The late Mr. Robert Rhodes, who, with his brother, was the first to take sheep to South Canterbury, told me that their experience at nearly the same spot was even more trying. He said they had been camped for some days on the Rakaia, and found it impossible to get their sheep across. They were so much disheartened that at last his brother proposed they should give up the attempt and go back to the Peninsula. Mr. Robert stipulated that they should make one more attempt the next morning, and if that were unsuccessful he would agree to return. The next morning they did make another attempt, and succeeded in getting the whole flock across. Considering the results to them and their descendants of their occupation of sheep country in South Canterbury, it may be said that the caprice of one or two sheep (for it is on one or two leaders that the action of a flock often depends) was one of the trifling causes from which great events often spring.

Even where no large rivers had to be crossed, sheep driving in the earliest days was not without its difficulties and hardships. There were no convenient fences or friendly paddocks where sheep could be secured, and no homesteads or even sheds where you could obtain a night's shelter; the weather had to be faced, whatever it was; wild dogs were occasional visitors, so that somebody

Photo.—C. Jennings.

ASHLEY RIVER IN FLOOD.

had often to watch all night; and if a sou'-wester came tearing across the plains all hands would have to stand out in it to prevent the mob from breaking away and going miles before it could be got together again. Even when settled on your own run this latter risk was on the plains a serious one. The old-fashioned sou'-wester was a very different thing from its present degenerate namesake; it generally brought torrents of rain, and lasted three days. Wire fences were then unknown, and one of these good old sou'-westers coming on in the night would send your sheep off to

perhaps a scabby neighbour under your lee, or until they were brought up by the next river many miles away, which in that case was a welcome ally. Sheep driving in those days, like travelling, was apt to make strange bed-fellows; some of the best helpers to be obtained were the rough characters who, as whalers or runaway sailors, had been long in New Zealand. They were not choice in their language, but they had great local knowledge, took hardships without grumbling, and were honest workers if grog was not too handy. They did not generally go by the

Photo.—W. A. Carew.

HARVESTING, SOUTHBRIDGE.

names given them at their baptism, but by others more appropriate and descriptive. Among my early friends were "Long Tom Coffin," "Yankee Sam," and others, especially "Billy the Bull;" he was a genial, honest, hard working little fellow when sober, but very apt under the influence of liquor to "get into trouble."

So the early days had their difficulties, their trials, and their hardships, but we had youth, and as a rule health and buoyant spirits on our side. Our hopes were high; we believed we were planting what must be a great settlement and were laying up for ourselves competency and comfort in the years to come. For some of us these hopes have been realised, but for many—I fear, the majority—they have proved delusive. Though the Pilgrims all took their share

in laying the foundation of a fine colony, now a source of pride and strength to the Motherland and an enjoyable home for thousands of her sons, to few of these pioneers only has it been given to see their personal expectations fulfilled and to enjoy a substantial share of the prosperity which they worked for and looked forward to.

SOUTH CANTERBURY.

(Its early history, with a record of progress to date.)

By E. Holdgate.

SOUTH Canterbury, the southern portion of the provincial district of Canterbury, is situated between the rivers Rangitata, its northern boundary, and the Waitaki, its southern boundary. It may be described roughly as a square block, with about sixty miles frontage on the sea, and running about the same distance inland to the Southern Alps on the west. It is very diversified in character: a large portion near the sea, from a little above Timaru northward, is comparatively flat; south of Timaru and beyond the northern flats it is chiefly a succession of low downs, which gradually rise up to medium hills, interspersed with river flats, until the higher ranges are reached. The nature of the country as regards soil is also varied, some portions being light stony ground, evidently old river beds, with patches of good land at intervals; but a large portion, such as the Orari, Seadown and Waiho districts, is perhaps equal to the very best land in the colony, and capable of carrying seven or eight crops of wheat in succession In most places almost to the tops of the lower hills, grain can be grown profitably. A considerable portion of the lower hills is of limestone formation, and the wheat from these parts is highly valued for milling purposes. From a scenic point of view South Canterbury is highly favoured, the conformation of the country lending itself in a decided manner to produce the most charming effects. The Mount Peel, Kakahu, Pareora, Waimate, and Waihao districts may be specially mentioned, and away back the Lakes Tekapo, Pukaki, Alexandria and others, which backed up

by the Southern Alpine ranges, make altogether not the meanest portion of the wonderland of New Zealand.

The climate of the district is a happy mean between the extreme heat of the north and the extreme cold of the south. It has, however, its little peculiarities—sometimes samples of all sorts in a day, and sometimes strong nor'-westers, though the latter are much milder than further north. These peculiarities, which are the exception, make the otherwise genial climate better appreciated.

South Canterbury is, generally speaking, well watered. The chief rivers are the Rangitata, Orari, Temuka, Arowhenua, Pareora, Otaro, Makikihi, Waihao, and Waitaki, and these, with their various tributaries, creeks, etc., sufficiently water the greater part of the country. From them artificial irrigation, in the form of water-races, supplies other parts less favoured.

Up to the present no true coal has been found in the district, but in many places good useful brown coal is found, and as the hills have been as yet but little explored there is no knowing what may be found. There was formerly a considerable quantity of good timber chiefly at Arowhenua and Waimate, but this has nearly all been cut. A fairly large quantity still exists at Peel Forest, but this also is rapidly disappearing. There is abundance of good building stone, chiefly bluestone (dolorite), and white stone something like the famous Oamaru stone, with plenty of first-class limestone fit for burning, the drawback at present being the want of cheap carriage.

Naturally the settlers in South Canterbury appreciate and are perhaps just a little proud of their surroundings. About forty to forty-five years ago the district may be said to have been uninhabited by Europeans. The country was in its native state, the bush untouched; tussock grass everywhere, mixed up with matagowrie, wild Spaniard, and cabbage-tree; the swamps blocked with niggerheads, flax, and raupo. There were no fish in the rivers and creeks except the cockabully, and in the season whitebait, although mud eels and silver eels were very plentiful. Native game was, however, abundant Paradise and grey ducks, teal, snipe and bittern could be shot almost anywhere, especially on the coastal lagoons and the inland creeks.

Before the time mentioned occasional visits, chiefly by whalers, had been made, and perhaps to some extent this was what led the earlier settlers, the brothers Rhodes, to take up land in the district.

Up to this time the land and rivers and creeks had been a happy (sometimes unhappy) hunting-ground and fishery for the Maoris. Their chief places of residence were Temuka, Arowhenua, Pareora, Waimate, and Waitaki. From these places they appear to have moved about over the district, living temporarily just where they could catch eels, wekas, and any and everything they could eat—they were not in any way particular in this respect.

Photo.—R. Lees.

CAROLINE BAY, TIMARU.

The native population about Waimate and Waitaki numbered about 200, and a resident, who was well acquainted with them, describes them as a strong and healthy people, much given to riding about on horseback. In the early days of settlement it was quite a sight to see the cavalcades of Maoris, as they went visiting from pah to pah, scores of them mounted on all sorts of horses. One might see men,

women, and children with bag and baggage starting out for a trip, visiting each other to and from Kaiapoi, Temuka, Waimate, Waikouaiti, and Port Chalmers. With jolly happy faces they were entirely devoid of care, dressed in picturesque style, Maori mat, or blue or red blanket, blue shirts or jerseys, a medley of colour and pattern that would have outdone any fancy dress ball. The chief at Waimate was Horomona Pobie, a fine specimen of a man, six feet high, weight about fourteen stone. He was born at Waimate in 1815, he died there and was buried in the cemetery, where a fine tombstone marks the place of his interment. Other prominent natives were Rawrie Te Maire, Tike, Rapata Bokaraka, Blueskin, Kikora, Kenata-Koia. These with their families formed the principal part of the population. They were a fine race of men, quiet and law-abiding. They very soon fell to some extent into the ways of the white settlers, many of them becoming expert in shearing, timber felling and other European occupations. Communism to the full extent regulated the Maori in his social life. The coming of the pakeha to a great extent changed his mode of life; unfortunately, however, the result is that they are constantly becoming fewer and fewer.

There can be no two opinions as to the valuable work done by the pioneers in the work of opening up the country in the earlier days of settlement. There was at this time nothing but the wool to depend upon. A brief description of the situation was presented to the writer as late as 1863. A wool dray was passing, and alluding to it the owner said, "There goes our breakfast, our lunch and dinner, washing, lodging and everything we need." What memories, too, of those early pioneers crowd on one as one thinks of the past; their kindly hospitality exercised with most generous welcome to all who came, friends and strangers alike. "Generous to a fault" might be said of most of them; for it is to be feared that in many cases the expenditure in this direction was beyond the means at command. We must remember, too, that this hospitality was extended to all, the humble swagger, even though well known to be a regular sundowner, was very rarely refused a night's shelter with supper and breakfast free. During the time of the rush to the Picton and West Coast diggings I have seen for

weeks together from ten to fifteen, and more than once up to thirty men, stopping for the night at a station on the Waitaki, and all these had free meals ; though doubtless many of them could have well afforded to pay. From five to ten sheep (worth then 30s. each) were killed weekly to supply food, and there were daily bakings of bread from flour worth 40s. per 200lb. The real seeker after work or the travelling hawker walked in and sat down to meals as if they belonged to the place.

But where now are these dispensers of hospitality? But few of the older ones remain. Most have joined the great majority ; a few have left the country ; and still a few, or their representative families, occupy such portions of the country as have not yet been sold, or that they themselves have bought. These are still doing good work as pastoralists or agriculturists. Not many years, however, will pass before the larger areas still held will be broken up to provide homes for a more numerous population. In speaking of these old times and the pioneers in the work of settlement, it would be a grave omission to pass over the managers of the large estates, second only in importance to the actual owners or lessees, most of them sturdy Scotchmen ; but altogether men of whom any country might be proud, well versed in both theory and practice of the work they had to do, with an amount of energy and resource, so much needed in the settling of a new country far away from the markets of the world. Nor must we overlook the cadets, the young men who were to take the place of the older ones as they passed away. Fine young fellows they were, most of them fit and ready for any work. They could take their place in the parlour at night, but there was nothing of the dude about them; for the morning would find them in the sheep or stock yard, or out on the run, or wherever the day's work was to be done. Happily this sort of training has not fallen into disuse ; the fine young fellows who went to South Africa have shown by their endurance and resource what results can be attained.

The old form of life, with its open-handed freedom, its motto of "live to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself," is past and gone. In some senses it was a grand time, very rough, but withal a jolly life, and one cannot but regret its

passing away. Yet it could not last, for it was only a pioneer stage, and must in the nature of things come to an end. One shriek of a railway whistle, and, presto! it is gone. But a better epoch, because a fuller, takes its place. This change we will endeavour to trace as briefly as possible. The change is the conversion of the settlement from a purely pastoral community to an agricultural and commercial one, the pastoral interest, however, still being prominent.

Photo.—Miss P. King.

ON THE PAREORA RIVER.

The arrival of the "Strathallan" in 1859 may be said to have been the turning point in the history of South Canterbury. The coming of fresh people, many of whom knew nothing about sheep and cared less, except to eat them, caused a diversion in the sameness of life. And new wants began to bring new occupations. Several of these vessels shortly arrived in Timaru, bringing immigrants—the

"Lancashire Witch," the "Victory," the "Tiptree," and others, each with a large number of passengers. Some of these were free immigrants, some were assisted, and some paid their own passages. Some had money, some had none; but all had strong arms and willing hearts, and had come out to New Zealand to make homes for themselves. They were soon scattered throughout the district, and though the prospect did not seem a bright one, most succeeded in their determination to settle down. As showing how meagre was the prospect, one of the "Strathallan" people met a party of the new comers on the "Victory," and after a brief greeting he asked what they were going to do, because there was no work, or scarcely any, and there were more than enough people to do what there was. Indeed, at that time the only prospect of employment was some work the Government was about to start on the roads.

These works, which consisted of widening and otherwise improving the main road from Saltwater Creek to the Pareora River, were started immediately after. Most of the immigrants, especially those who came by the "Victory," were from different parts of Lancashire, while those by the "Tiptree" were mostly Cornishmen or from the south of England. A considerable amount of prejudice existed against the Lancashire people as being unsuited for colonists.

Perhaps, after all, time is the best test of merit. These same despised ones are now found to have been among the most successful of the colonists. As farmers, mechanics, and business men they have made their mark and shown that their early training gave variety of resource and adaptability to circumstances.

Some of the newcomers took up land at once, the Government price being £2 per acre. Some bought sections in the township and commenced to build houses. The trade in timber and building material became active; other branches of business followed suit, and work for all naturally followed. Besides those who had come out from home and taken up land, a number of settlers came into the district from both north and south, as well as several from the Australian Colonies. Up to the time of the arrival of these immigrants there was practically no settled

agriculture ; flour was imported from Adelaide and Chili. The land bought had, however, to be put to use, and a start was made to produce grain. This work proceeded so rapidly that within five or six years wheat, oats and barley were exported to the other provinces, especially to Auckland and the West Coast (afterwards Westland). The transition from the purely pastoral to a mixed agricultural and pastoral settlement was also very rapid for another reason. To protect themselves and secure the best portions of their runs the lessees of the runs began to buy very largely, thus securing the freeholds. But big blocks of land even at so low a price as £2 an acre needed big capital, to get which meant borrowing from the various companies or banks at a rate of interest too high to pay by sheep alone, which were rapidly dropping in value. The result in many cases was that the runs fell into the hands of the lenders, who to recoup themselves had to sell at the best advantage. Only by closer farming could the higher prices for land be paid, and so, really by no fault of their own, many of the large holders became reduced in circumstances. At the present time land can only be bought at a very high figure. It is now only available to purchase either from the large holders who bought early or from the companies into whose hands it has fallen. Some of these portions have been rebought by the Government and leased to settlers in variously sized farms, and doubtless other portions will be so treated. Within a few years the large holdings of agricultural lands will be a thing of the past.

There are some factors in the progress of the district that should not be overlooked. The first is that at a comparatively early time fairly passable roads were made through the district, a large portion of the money received for land sales being so used. Of course these roads could never by any stretch of imagination be called first-class, still, for so new a place, they were fairly good. Another reason is that almost from the first there were facilities for purchasing everything needful, all circumstances considered, at fair rates. It is said that Captain Cain brought down a quantity of useful stores before there was a building to stow them in They were exposed for sale in the daytime and covered with a tarpaulin at night,

and from that time there has never been any real want of useful articles. Another factor in the progress of the district was the shipping facilities that have always existed. It is true that they were at the first very crude, and the work was expensive; but even then they were well up to the times and equal to the run of most places away from the main ports.

Photo.—F. C. B. Bishop.

SUNSET, VICTORIA LAKE.

These three factors—fair roads, full supplies of necessary good, and shipping facilities—materially helped in the progress of the district by making available its various resources.

Timaru, from its central position and the fact that it is the natural inlet to and outlet from the district, claims to be the chief town of South Canterbury, and the principal local market for the produce of the surrounding settlements. In the early days the Provincial Government of Canterbury had charge of all roads, harbours and other public works. Afterwards it became a road district. On account of

real or fancied grievances South Canterbury was separated from the North, and public affairs were vested in the Board of Works. On the separation, South Canterbury received as its portion of the assets of the province the sum of £100,000. This money was devoted to harbour work and was spent on the breakwater, the remaining sum necessary for the work being borrowed on the security of the work done. In 1876 Timaru was proclaimed a borough; the area was, however, a very limited one. Mr. S. Hewlings was the first Mayor, and Mr. E. H. Lough was appointed Town Clerk, which position he still holds.

The main business part of the town is Stafford Street (formerly called the Main South Road). In the early days the principal business places were in Strathallan Street and George Street. In the former, Messrs. Cain and LeCren had their general store in connection with the landing service. Mr. Joseph Beswick had also a general store in George Street. From these two stores most of the supplies for the district were obtained. The first hotel, kept by Sam Williams was in George Street, near the site of the present Club Hotel. Williams's Hotel was burned down, and on about the same site the first newspaper, the *Timaru Herald*, was first published by the late Mr. Shrimpton.

Business changes soon began to take place, and by 1865 the town had made rapid advances. Like most other towns, the first business premises in Timaru were chiefly of the makeshift kind, but most of these were swept away by the big fire which destroyed nearly the whole town, and a better class of buildings was afterwards erected.

It will be only fair to specially mention a few of the private firms that rendered signal service in the early days. It is easy to understand that numbers of people who took land spent all their capital in the purchase. Indeed, in many cases the land was bought wholly or in part with borrowed money, and help was needed to enable the buyers to get horses, implements and seed, as well as the stores necessary for life from harvest to harvest. Some of the larger stores and companies helped in this matter, but there were private firms that also did much in this way—Messrs. Clarkson and Turnbull, in Timaru and Temuka; Messrs. J. Mendelson, and J. Brown, in Temuka; Mr. J.

Morris, Pleasant Point; and Messrs. Manchester Bros., and Goldsmith, at Waimate. Mr. R. Turnbull is often spoken of in this respect as the father of the district, as he advanced goods and money, and bought the produce, often to his own loss. The writer remembers one of many incidents in this direction: Having the management of the grain department he had often to take in samples that would now pass only for fowl feed. One day a lot came in, so very bad that, on his own responsibility, he could not take it, and so referred it with a fair sample, to Mr. Turnbull. He looked at it for some time with a frown on his face, remarking that it was simply rubbish. At last he said, "Well, poor devils, it is all they have to live on; we must do the best we can with it." So it was taken in and screened to get all the good out of it.

In taking note of general improvements, the most prominent place must be given to the harbour. In the early days the work of loading and discharging vessels was done by Messrs. Cain and Le Cren, with an efficient staff of boatmen, and large surf boats. As there was only an open roadstead the vessels had to anchor a long way out. A line was paid out from the shore to the vessel, and the boat was hauled along by a hand-over-hand process. Afterwards an engine was erected to do the hauling, and a second service was started at the foot of George Street. In this method of working there was a considerable amount of danger, and the work was very laborious As early as 1864 an agitation was commenced in favour of forming a permanent harbour. In 1865 the first practical step was taken by having a report from Mr. Balfour, C.E., who recommended a sheltering groin to protect the landing sheds. A short one was built to try its effect, but it soon had to be removed, as it caused a rapid erodation of the shore northwards. A second report followed in 1871, by Mr. J. Carruthers, and in 1875 a fuller one was given by Sir John Coode. All the reports recognised the difficulty of dealing with the travelling shingle, by no means an imaginary difficulty, as the millions of tons deposited south of the present work testify. There was, however, so great a need for something to be done that in 1876 a harbour board was constituted, and immediate steps were taken towards forming a permanent harbour.

Competitive designs being called for, that of Mr. J. Goodall was accepted for a breakwater in concrete. This, with certain alterations suggested as the work went on, has been the design of the present harbour. The work has been carried out in three separate contracts, and now extends seawards, including the approach, 2278 feet; the cost having been about £220,000. An enclosing wall on the north gives an area of about 50 acres of harbour space. The

Photo.—R. Lees.

AVON.

(Showing Mill Island, one of the efforts of the Beautifying Society and a permanent memorial to their late President, Dr. Irving).

depth of water at the main wharf is sufficient for the largest vessels that visit the colony, and an immense amount of shipping is done. As a port Timaru has a larger area of country surrounding it than any port in New Zealand, and last year ranked third in the work done at the various ports of the colony.

South from Timaru, and extending from the Pareora river to the Waitaki, is the important district of Waimate. The chief place in this district is the town of Waimate, situated about twenty-eight miles from Timaru. It is a pretty little

town, and as seen from the southern railway seems to be sheltering underneath the range of hills. Seen nearer the hills form a beautiful background. In whatever aspect the town is viewed it has the same pleasing appearance. Looking from the town seaward the land is fairly flat, and dotted over with pretty farmsteads. Some of the land in this district is perhaps the best in New Zealand for agricultural purposes, capable of growing almost fabulous quantities of grain.

On the north, leaving Temuka, we pass on through beautiful country to Winchester, a pretty little township, surrounded by the loveliest scenery, with an appearance more like an English than a colonial landscape. It is the South Canterbury home of the trout-fishing sport, and in this respect, taking the pretty creek running through it and the near proximity of the Temuka, Opihi and Rangitata Rivers, has perhaps no equal in the world. Tourists from Britain give this place an easy first.

Mr. W. Martin informs me that his was the first European family to settle in Geraldine. He says: "We left Temuka, following a bullock track along the bank of the river to avoid the swamps which lay all along from Temuka to Waihi Crossing (now Winchester). There was only one house, that of Mr. Neil, who worked a farm of about forty acres on the bank of the river. From this point to Geraldine the whole country was in its native state, ducks and wild fowl being abundant, while wild pigs were numerous. The site of Geraldine was marked by a bark house, occupied by Mr. S. Hewlings, surveyor, and his native wife. The land was very wet, and covered with huge flax bushes and manuka scrub."

Beyond Geraldine is the pretty little township of Woodbury, and some miles further on Peel Forest; both places at which any one with leisure, who wants to get out of the "hurly-burly" and enjoy some of Nature's prettiest scenery, could well spend a few pleasant days. Fairlie, the terminus of the Mount Pleasant railway is an important town, as being the centre of a large district it is the junction or discharging point of all the roads leading to McKenzie Country and Clayton. There is a great deal of good agricultural land, and a large quantity of grain is railed from here to

Timaru. But, taken as a whole, it may be termed a pastoral country.

Some miles beyond, up a most interesting zig-zag road winding between the hills, we come to Burke's Pass. The people here ought to be high class; for their town is the highest one, so far as altitude is concerned, in South Canterbury. It would be hard to imagine a more picturesque little place. This township is noted for its healthy and salubrious climate, and several people with chest complaints have derived much benefit from residing there. The outlook from the top of the hill above Burke's Pass is very fine. Beyond the Pass are the various stations, and the scenery is not excelled in the world. The road is good as far as Tekapo, from Tekapo to Pukaki the roads are fair, just bumpy enough to prevent comfort. Leaving Pukaki, the roads to the Hermitage are just a sensation, the rocky roads to Dublin are not in it. But as we are writing history and not scenery, those who want to know what the scenery is like must just go to see for themselves.

THE MAORI:

ORIGIN, LIFE AND LEGENDS.

By David Bates, B.A., LL.B.

WHEN a new land is discovered it always has been, and still is, a matter of very great interest to the discoverers to enquire what kinds of people occupy that land, how do they compare with other races, and how did they come to be living there. These are questions which naturally interest all, and when applied to a race such as that which occupied New Zealand, their answers are to us doubly interesting.

New Zealand was first visited by Europeans in the reign of King Charles I., in the year 1642. The discoverer was a Dutch explorer named Abel Jansen Tasman. He merely anchored off the coast and sailed away without landing, and without even knowing what land it was he had seen, believing it to be part of South America. The next European to visit and the first to land in New Zealand was Captain Cook. This took place in the year 1769, rather more than one hundred years after the visit of Tasman. He made in all five visits, and taking six months over the first, he gathered much information concerning New Zealand and its native inhabitants. He found them "a strong, raw-boned active people, rather above than under the common size . . . of a very dark brown colour, with black hair, thick black beards, and white teeth, and such as did not disfigure their faces by tattooing had in general very good features.'

The Maoris are a race with no written history, but there is no doubt that New Zealand is not their original home. According to tradition, their ancestors came from an island called Hawaiki; they migrated thence, some say, to escape a vast deluge or flood, and others say to

find new homes and to escape the spears or their enemies. The location of Hawaiki is a matter for speculation. Certain it is, however, that the Maori came immediately from the South Sea Islands. The language of some of the Islanders is similar to that of the Maori; for Captain Cook, with the assistance of a Tahitian native as interpreter, in a fragmentary manner was able to converse with the Maoris. Recent research into the history and legends of the Polynesians would make us believe that some portion of the Maoris came immediately from Raratonga, one of the islands in the Cook Group, and the Raratongans have a legend that their ancestors came from Samoa. Is it possible then that Savaii, of the Samoan Group, is the legendary Hawaiki? This question cannot be answered until more is known of the history and legends of the inhabitants of the various groups of islands in the Pacific The name itself, Hawaiki, means little Hawa, the suffix *iki* or *iti* meaning in Maori little. In every group of islands occupied by Polynesians there is one with the name of Hawaiki, or some recognizable modification of it. It is evident then that the Polynesians once dwelt together in an island called Hawa. Where, then, is this greater Hawaiki, or Hawa? Judge Fornander, who is quoted by Canon Stack, has traced the Polynesians from group to group in the Pacific, and has discovered that at one time the ancestors of the Maoris occupied Java, and though Java may not now have anything in common with the Maoris, he maintains that Java is the greater Hawaiki or Hawa of the Polynesian races.

Ethnologists hold that the Polynesian and the Aryan or Indo-European races lived in close proximity. This conclusion is based upon the discovery that many of the roots of the words in the languages of both peoples are the same, and that there is a similarity in their mythologies. They would thus locate the original home of the Polynesian on the continent of Asia. Strange to say, this would make us admit the Maoris, in respect of their Polynesian ancestors, were, so to speak, the next door neighbours of our forefathers, living side by side with them in Central and Southern Asia. Our ancestors travelled eastward and north, while those of the Maori south and westward,

Photo.—J. Spiller.

MAORI BELLE.

and we, their descendants, meet again in New Zealand. One time it may have been that his forefathers were in advance of ours, but now they have lagged behind in the race of civilization. The pressure of race upon race and the necessities of the ages have evolved amongst those who migrated to the north and west, peoples who, while possessing all the advantages of civilization, are confronted by its many difficulties; whilst, on the other hand, the free open life of those who migrated south and east, where the Polynesian strain is pure, has evolved, not a savage but a race with perfect physique, "a true gentleman both in manners and in thought."

All are agreed that the Maori is not a pure Polynesian There are two main elements (there may be more), the Polynesian and the Melanesian. The true Melanesian is a dark race with frizzled hair, and is now found not only in New Guinea, but also in the Phillipine Islands, Southern India, Madagascar, and elsewhere. The Australian blacks are held to be an early migration of the Melanesian or Negroid races. No doubt these two races, the Polynesian and Melanesian, in their migrations from island to island fought and conquered, or were conquered and intermarried. Their offspring form the Maori race, but where the Polynesian element predominates the race is more intelligent. The Maoris being composed of two races so very dissimilar, it is not difficult to explain how it is that while among tohungas[1] and arikis[2] we find so much intelligence and courteous bearing, yet we have it recorded that the Maoris have been guilty of so much cruelty and barbarity.

The records of the Maoris, as retained in the memory of tohungas, handed on from generation to generation, dates their landing in New Zealand about the beginning of the fifteenth century. There were several migrations from the islands, and may be even return journeys. They came in large double canoes, capable of holding one hundred to one hundred and fifty Maoris, and landed in various parts of the North Island; thence they spread over the North Island and to the South Island, killing and conquering an inferior race, an earlier migration.

1 Tohunga—Priest or wise man. 2 Ariki—High chief; head of many hapus or families.

OCEANIA
Polynesian
Melanesian
Malay
TASMANIA
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND
JAPAN OR NIPPON
PHILIPPINE
NORTH AMERICA
MICRONESIA
MELANESIA
POLYNESIA
AUSTRALASIA
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN

A remnant of this inferior race is still found in the Chatham Islands, and they call themselves Morioris. The landing of the various canoes on the coast of the North Island, the names of the chiefs, and an account of their subsequent exploits, are minutely recorded and retained in the memory storehouse of the tohungas. Possessing extensive fertile lands and freed from hostile attack, the early Maoris rapidly increased, and at the date of the discovery of New Zealand by Captain Cook numbered probably from 100,000 to 140,000. Now, in a little over a hundred years, the number has diminished to about 40,000, and is still diminishing, and unless some of the causes of their decline are recognized and remedies applied, this remarkable race will die out. But let us look for a while on the Maori as Captain Cook found him and learn a little of his customs and occupations, his mode of thought, and his ideas on creation and the future.

When Captain Cook first put off in his boat to the shore, the natives fled at his approach; for when they saw the sailors pulling with their backs towards the bow of the boat they thought they were goblins, for none but goblins they knew, could see through the back of their heads: but seeing the sailors harmlessly wandering along the beach looking for shell-fish they came back, and in an open friendly manner assisted them in the search, quickly, however, again to disperse on one of the sailors discharging his gun and shooting a native parrot. They soon became assured that the Europeans were men like themselves. This conclusion was shaken, for a short time only, when they saw the smoke issuing from their mouths. The inhabitants of Hawaii, where Captain Cook met his death in 1779, were not so certain about the Europeans being men. According to the story of a native missionary from those parts, and stationed at Akaroa some years ago, the Hawaiians were inclined to believe that the Europeans were gods. Holding that gods could not be put to death, and believing Cook to be one, in order to convince themselves of the fact they speared him. Great was the regret, however, when contrary to their expectations his death resulted, for they had done this merely to satisfy themselves that he was more than human.

On Cook's visits the Maoris made no attempt to harm the Europeans, nor in any way to use treachery. Not until they had been badly treated by the early visitors, and later, when they felt themselves wronged by the occupation of their lands, did they commit those deeds of murder which fill so many pages in the early history of New Zealand.

They never forgave an insult, never left a wrong unavenged. The spirit of revenge was handed on from father to son, and an injury to one man was an injury to the whole tribe. After an insult such as carrying off a native woman or shooting a chief, surrounded as he was by the sacred halo of tapu, can it be wondered at then, that, on the next landing of a whaler's boat, the crew were decoyed away and murdered? Their actions, however, can only be understood when their laws of tapu, muru, and makutu are investigated.

Tapu.—The institution of tapu was common to all Polynesians, and embraced quite a code of laws. It consisted in making persons, places or things sacred, either permanently or for a time only, and resulted in direful consequences to those who were unlucky enough to disregard its existence. The arikis made things sacred, or brought about the condition of tapu at will. They thus maintained their mana or influence and sacred majesty of person, and secured obedience to their wishes. The chiefs themselves, all their property, and the food they touched were tapu. The tapu thus, as it were, rendered the arikis almost a distinct race of men closely related to gods. In the early days of the colony the Rev. W. Yate, one of the pioneer missionaries, was voyaging up the river Kerikeri, when he observed a large party of natives on the bank and heard sounds of wailing. On landing he found the ariki in great agony, with a fish-bone in his throat; the tribe stood round lamenting his sad plight, but none dared to touch the sacred head and assist him. The Rev. Yate, however, immediately went up to the afflicted one (the law of tapu did not affect the pakeha or white man), and with some difficulty succeeded in extracting the bone. As soon as the chief had recovered, he commanded his people to secure from the reverend gentleman the instrument with which the bone had been extracted. It had drawn blood from his sacred

Wheeler and Son, Photo.

head—was tapu—and thus became his property. The permanent tapu attached not only to the arikis and their personal property, but also to burying grounds and all things connected with the dead.

On Banks Peninsula, during a season in recent years, the geese belonging to the pah made their nests and laid their eggs in the burying ground. The eggs were destroyed, for the law of tapu forbade their use, and the geese only became noa or released from tapu by the repetition of certain karakia. Whares or houses in which a native died could not be used again, and were frequently destroyed. This may have been very beneficial for health, but when their houses came to be of greater value than the ordinary whare, such a desertion and destruction of property was costly, and to obviate this the dying were and are still frequently removed to an outhouse, or even a tent, which is of little value.

A peculiar feature of this law of tapu was the belief that the transgressor would be punished unto death by the mere force of the law without any physical intervention. The natives were thoroughly convinced of its operation, and many instances are known, and have been recorded, of deaths happening under circumstances which would lend a certain amount of plausibility, if not truthful foundation, to the existence of this power. To attempt to offer any explanation of these phenomena would be out of place in a paper like this; it is sufficient to remark that such, no doubt, are illustrations of the power of mind over matter. They are other examples of the power of the fakirs of India or the hypnotists of modern times.

The temporary tapu was superimposed by the arikis upon those who were engaged in any special work of the community, such as the planting and harvesting of the kumara and taro. Such ones could not take part in the ordinary social life of the community until the work assigned to them was completed, and they were again made noa or common. The fields where the rat was hunted or the weka found were protected by tapu until the proper season for securing supplies. This was effected by the ariki erecting on the spot a pole with some article of his clothing upon it, and until that was taken down the place was tapu.

As with the laws of the Jews, this law of tapu in some of its aspects embraced strict sanitary principles. They whose duty it was to prepare the dead for burial or to preserve the heads or skeletons of the dead were placed under temporary tapu, and during that time were not permitted to touch food with their hands. Thus, on the whole, this law of tapu was beneficial.

Muru.—Death was not always the punishment that followed a violation of the law of tapu, sometimes a violation was visited by temporal punishment, in accordance with the institution of muru. Under this custom, the sick or those who had misfortunes were considered to be out of favour with the gods, and to have offended against the law of tapu. They were, in consequence, plundered of their worldly goods, and indeed they would have felt neglected and offended had they not been so treated. Shipwrecked people were likewise supposed to have offended these gods, hence the confiscation in times past of their property, and occasionally the sacrifice of their lives.

Makutu.—Closely allied to the institution of tapu is that of makutu, or, as it may be popularly termed, witchcraft. A person who transgressed the laws of tapu became "makutued," and, as we have seen, would die, unless he were fortunate enough to secure by the aid of an ariki of high power the removal of the deadly influence. The power to makutu was possessed by the tohungas, or men learned from youth to practise in the occult. It was used to destroy an enemy, and to punish offences against the rules of conduct existing in a community. A Maori desiring to rid himself of an enemy would secure something belonging to him, an article of dress or food, which he took to the tohunga, who, after repeating certain karakia, buried it. As the article decayed the victim would die. The victim of a theft or robbery would think himself fortunate if he were able to point out a footprint made, or secure something lost, by the robber in his flight; for by the aid of the tohunga repeating his karakia over the footprint or lost article, death would be the doom of the depredator. The credulity of the Maori mind made such results possible. These were some few of the customs governing the actions

of the Maori in his domestic life. Crude as their operations were, they were sufficient to protect property and to secure the observance of law and order.

With such customs among a race who never forgave a wrong or forgot an injury, and who assigned, in some instances, to the evil inclinations of their enemies the cause of their sickness and the death of their friends, there was always cause for plunder and war whenever they were in the mood, and in consequence the Maoris were nearly always at war. At times a war party, made hideous with war-paint, and worked up to a state of frenzy by their war-dance, would rush upon the enemy and slay indiscriminately, then set about making merry over a cannibal feast. To eat an enemy was to destroy the mana of his family, and a degradation to all connected with him. At other times, wars were carried out with very amusing ideas of chivalry; the attacking party would send word of the date of the attack, and it has been known that where the besieged had run short of ammunition the attacking party actually divided the powder and shot in their possession, and gave half to the defenders. Again, in the war between early colonists and natives at New Plymouth, some tribes assisted the Europeans, and were, for payment of blankets, employed to obtain brushwood and saplings from the forest to make a protection for the soldiers. The friendly natives immediately employed the attacking natives, on promise of half the blankets, to obtain the saplings and brushwood and leave them in a safe position during the night. Both parties of natives entered lustily into the contract, the British got the saplings, and the natives divided the blankets. Much of their time, while at peace, was occupied in making weapons and preparing for war. They had to make their war canoes, capable of holding a hundred warriors, out of a single tree, with no other instrument than an adze or toki of greenstone, and the use of fire. They also had to fortify their pas, and prepare their weapons of offence and defence.

Weapons.—Their weapons consisted mainly of the *pere*, or sling for hurling both hot and cold stones upon the enemy from elevations within the pa: the *taiaha*, about five feet long, made of wood, held by both hands, and used both as

a club to strike and a spear to thrust: the *mere*, and *patu*, weapons held in one hand, about twelve or fifteen inches long, and made of wood, bone, or greenstone.

Pa.—"A pa was a fortress situated on some promontory or other eminence, generally by the side of a river, lake, or bay, to which the inhabitants of a village betook themselves in case of attack. These fortified enclosures were surrounded by a double fence of short palisading, which at intervals of a few yards was surmounted by the usual grotesque carvings. . . . Between the two fences there was sometimes a deep moat, and occasionally one also round the outer fence. . . . The ground inside was laid out in a series of squares, each of which was palisaded, and the whole of which were in communication by means of narrow lines." Such a pa was Raupekapeka, which withstood for a whole day, at a distance of only some few hundred yards, the cannonading of the British guns; and though the attacking party had 1183 imperial troops, and 450 friendly natives, yet the 500 besieged repelled the attack with heavy loss to the besiegers. The pa, however, was at length captured on a Sunday. The Maoris, who were Christians, felt assured that no fighting would be done on that day, and, as was their custom, had withdrawn from the pa to hold service. During their absence the pa was entered and captured by the British. Perfidious Albion again!

Domestic Occupations.—Whare building, carving, and tattooing also occupied the efforts of the men, while the women were engaged in making mats and clothes, either out of the fibre of the flax or out of dogskins ornamented with feathers. The men caught fish and birds, both of which were preserved by them, and kept in the *wharata*, or provision-house. The women, as a rule, attended to the cultivation of the taro and kumara, and the preparation of the fern root and the stems of the ti or cabbage tree. Supplies were preserved and stored for winter use in the provision houses elevated on piles.

Cooking.—The food was cooked in the *umu*, or Maori oven, of which numbers may be seen in any bay on Banks Peninsula. They consist of holes in the ground, lined with flat stones. The stones were heated by making a fire on

them, the fire was then withdrawn, the food put in its place, covered over with mats and earth, and left there until cooked—which took about an hour and a half. It is now

Photo.—Miss Coop.

MAORIS EATING.

the delight of the Maoris on festive occasions, to cook a whole bullock in Maori fashion and invite their pakeha friends to dine with them.

Games and Dances.—Before the advent of Europeans to New Zealand, and the introduction of their sports, the Maoris delighted in many national games and dances, and it is well known how the native youth even now excels in rowing and racing and on the football field. Among other dances was the *poi*, danced by Maori maidens, who, while going through the various graceful movements of the dance, manipulated a couple of balls, held by strings, one in each hand. The *hakari*, or festive dance, was performed by men and women. The *peru-peru* was the name of the war-dance. The swing, *he morere*, was a favourite game. A lofty pole was erected near a river or lake, and a number of strong flax ropes attached to it. Then the young people, with a run, swung out over the water and back to the bank, frequently letting go and dropping into the water. Skipping with ropes was an amusement that the Maori children indulged in, even before the advent of Captain Cook, and they also had kites. The name kite is the old term for hawk, and it is interesting to note that the Maori term for kite, *kahu*, is the name of a bird similar to the hawk.

Music.—As is natural, with their joyful disposition and a language which readily lends itself to music, the Maoris were, and are still essentially gifted in that art. Their musical instruments, however, were few, consisting only of two or three sorts of trumpets and a small pipe or whistle. The voice was thus their chief means of producing harmony. The freedom of life, the climatic influences, and the picturesqueness of their natural surroundings all helped to foster that joyous spirit which essentially takes shape in song and dance. Even now a popular song introduced by some travelling company will soon find its way amongst the Maoris, and may in a short time be heard in the heart of the King Country.

Ornaments.—The Maoris are very fond of ornaments. They carved the fronts of their whares, or houses, ornamented their weapons, and tattooed their skins. They wore ear-drops, and greenstone tikis, or small images of the god of mankind round their necks. They who are able to give an opinion on the subject speak very highly of the quality of Maori art.

Children.—As a rule the Maori children had a free and easy time, providing always that the enemy was kept from the pa. The sons of the chiefs were taught the history of their ancestors, and the legends of their gods, by the tohungas, in schoolhouses known as wharekura.

Marriage.—As regards marriage the young man or woman had very little to say; the choice was, in most instances, made by the parents for political or other interested motives. There was little or no ceremony, except a feast, at which the young couple were brought into each other's company, perhaps for the first time. Occasionally the young man refused to submit to the wish of his parents in this matter. The result was an elopement, ending often in the chase and capture of the maiden, and the death of her lover at the hands of her relatives. The Maoris were polygamists. It was customary for the chiefs to have several wives, but it was the exception, rather than the rule, to find a Maori of less rank than a Rangitira with more than one wife.

Death.—When a death occurred in a tribe a tangi, or cry, was held. Such an event, especially if it were the death of an Ariki or a Rangitira[1], was, and even now is the cause of a great gathering from far and wide of the acquaintances, friends, and relatives of the dead. The mourners do not confine themselves to expressions of grief and lamentations, for they alternate the ceremony of the cry with all kinds of Maori games, dances, and feasting.

Hongi.—The custom of the hongi, or the rubbing of noses, is worthy of mention. It is the method by which one Maori greets another. When the two meet they slightly incline the body until the noses gently touch; this position is maintained for several moments, and during this time the two utter a soft, plaintive cry, and interchange bits of news of things which have happened since last they met.

Property.—Prior to the landing of the Europeans there was but little private property. The land, the fields, and the food preserves were held in common under the mana of the chief. The property of the individual was confined to articles of dress, weapons, and perhaps his whare, but even these the chief could possess by calling them his heart or

1 Rangatira: an under-chief of less power than an Ariki.

head. Thereupon they became tapued to him, and no native dared to use such things again, for the tapu of the chief would slay him.

Photo.—Miss McPhail.

MAORI GIRLS, WAINUI.

Language.—The Maori language "is remarkable for its euphony, simplicity, brevity, clearness, and copiousness." It is a highly analytical language, and has only fourteen letters. So foreign was the sound of "s" to the Maoris, that they at first termed our people the "hissing people."

Enough has now been said to afford a glimpse of the Maori as Captain Cook found him. We have seen him on the war-path, we have seen him at home, and we have endeavoured to obtain an idea of the principles governing his social and political relations; we have yet, however, to view his attitude of mind on the creation and the hereafter, and perhaps there will be no better way of concluding this paper than by giving a few—a very few—of the many beautiful legends which have delighted the student of Maori mythology.

According to Maori traditions there were three main periods of creation, with many sub-divisions. At first there was Darkness, out of which was evolved Nothingness; then the third great period was that of Light.

Rangi (the sky) and Papa (the earth) were the progenitors of all life. In the beginning they were close together, and their children complained because darkness prevailed. Of their offspring, the god of the cultivated foods, the god of the wild foods, the god of the forest trees, the god of the fishes, and the god of mankind conspired to force them apart in order that light might be admitted. Their efforts, however, proved unsuccessful, until the plan of the god of the forest trees was adopted Standing with his head on his mother, Papa, and pressing his feet upwards against his father, Rangi, he forced them apart, and the light shone forth. Have not the Maoris proof indeed of this wonderful feat? In the trees they have the symbol of the forest god, with his limbs raised aloft and his hair bedded in the earth as roots supporting the trunks. Although their children rejoiced, Papa and Rangi grieved over their separation; and even now the tears of Rangi fall in dew-drops upon the bosom of Papa, while she reciprocates, and her sighs of regret ascend in the evening mists to Rangi on high. There was one son, however, who did not join in the conspiracy with his brothers—the god of the whirlwind. He turned away from them and ascended with his father, Rangi, to heights above, whence, ever and anon, he returned to wage war upon his brothers. The god of man alone remained to face his wrath; the gods of cultivated and wild foods took refuge in the bosom of Papa, forgiving mother as she was, and the god of fishes fled into the sea. Though man has to

withstand the attacks of the storms and whirlwinds, he takes revenge on his deserting brother gods, even now, by eating them at will.

Maui, however, is the great hero of New Zealand mythology. Many were his exploits. He lassooed the sun and made it go more slowly, so that the day was lengthened. To approach the sun near enough to accomplish this, he rested by day and travelled at night. This little story is held by some as a proof that the Maoris came from equatorial regions, and as they got further away from the equator the day, during the summer at least, became longer. Maui also fished up the North Island of New Zealand, which is still called *te ika a Maui*, or Maui's fish.

The first human being was made out of clay, into which the god Tiki breathed the breath of life The Maori not only endeavoured to account for all natural phenomena, but he enquired into the hereafter.

To "te Reinga," or into the darkness under the earth, went the spirit of the ordinary Maori. The spirit, after leaving the body, journeyed northward to Muri Whenua, or spirit's leap, on the extreme north point of the North Island. There, upon the top of a high cliff, grew a lonely tree, the Pohuta-kawa, and down its roots, projecting as they did over the cliff, climbed the spirit into the cavern which led into the depths of the earth. Rhoe, the ferry-woman, guided each spirit in her tiny craft across the river of life. On the other side she offered her visitant food. A refusal of the food would disqualify a spirit to remain, and such returned to earth. Here again the Maori had endeavoured to explain the condition of trance. To Rangi the souls of the tohungas and heroes of war journeyed, but it was only the spirits of the very high arikis who could ever hope to ascend to the tenth heaven, where dwelt Rehua, the Lord of Loving Kindness.

With the breadth of mind thus revealed, with his easy adaptability to surrounding conditions, with our knowledge of his hospitality, his manly and courteous bearing, when education has taught him the necessity of industry and sanitation, when he has learned to discriminate between the European customs he should follow and those he should discard, then can we hope the Maori in his native home (New Zealand) will not only cease to diminish, but even flourish again in all his pride of race and strength of intellect.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE OF THE CANTERBURY MAORIS.

By Rev. F. Dunnage.

FROM time to time stone tools and weapons have been found in various parts of New Zealand, buried deep down in the soil. This fact has raised a doubt whether the Maoris were the first inhabitants of these islands.

Though there are no reliable Maori traditions concerning a pre-existent race, yet as in older countries amongst the bones of animals now extinct we find rough tools of flint or stone which speak to us of a people long since forgotten, so here discoveries made both by accident and by diligent research point to the fact that when the physical features of Canterbury were very different from what they now are these islands were inhabited by a race about whom tradition is silent.

Such was the opinion of the late Sir Julius von Haast. He founded his belief upon an examination of old kitchen middens at the mouth of the Rakaia, and of excavations carried out under his supervision in and near Moa Bone Point Cave, Sumner*. His discoveries give us glimpses of these ancient people. Picture these parts as they appeared some hundreds, even thousands of years ago. Banks Peninsula still an island, slowly becoming connected with the mainland through the deposits brought down by mountain torrents. Then lived that pre-historic race, a race of hunters, whose sport was the chase of the moa. They hunted for food rather than for sport, and the capture of one of these huge birds must have been attended with much danger and accompanied by no little excitement.

* See addresses to members ot the Philosophical Institute, March, 1871, and September, 1874.

The discovery of large flat stones close to deposits of bones points to the fact that they cooked their food by a method similar to that adopted by the Maori of later date. They kindled their fires both by the rotary motion of a pointed circular stick pressed hard upon a flat and softer piece of wood—the method of the Australian blacks—and by rubbing two pieces of wood together. They had learned the art of polishing their stone tools and weapons, and wore simple ornaments of bone.

The reasons which led Dr. von Haast to believe that New Zealand was inhabited by this pre-historic race (and also that the moa became extinct at a very early date) were briefly these. He found that the remains of the moa and these old ovens in which the birds evidently had been cooked were covered with a deposit which must have taken many centuries to form; that over this deposit was the refuse of Maori encampments, amongst which as a rule no trace of moa bones was found (the few exceptions being easily accounted for), neither was any to be seen about the encampments on land of a more recent formation than that on which the older ovens were situated. Discoveries reported during the last few months seem to point to a conclusion similar to that at which Dr. von Haast had arrived. The subject is interesting and worthy of further scientific investigation.

The migration from the North Island of the first Maori tribe of whom we have any reliable tradition—the Waitaha—is reckoned to have occurred during the fifteenth century. Traces of their occupation still remain in the heaps of shells found scattered over the sandhills, especially between the mouths of the Waimakariri and the Ashley. They had a large fortified pah on the downs at the Cust, the old wall of which, some three miles in length, remained up to the time of European occupation. The number and extent of those old shell heaps, together with the size of the pah, testify to the number and prosperity of the population.

The Waitaha had remained in possession about one hundred years, when another wave of migration the Ngatimamoe—swept down upon them from the North. They were conquered, reduced to slavery, and in the end exterminated—in order, no doubt, to give the victors an undisputed title to their lands.

In Canterbury the Ngatimamoe settled chiefly on and about Banks Peninsula, where traces of their old pahs are still to be seen. Their two chief centres were at Fisherman's and Long Bays, and known respectively as Nga-toko-ono (or the Pah of the Six) and Parakakariki. Tradition tells us that off the coast of the former a canoe containing six chiefs was blown out to sea, and amongst the Morioris of the Chatham Islands there is a tradition which points to the fact that these six chiefs found a safe landing there.* Other traces of the Ngatimamoe may be seen probably in the rock paintings in various parts where they were driven to seek shelter after the capture of their pahs. For, as the Ngatimamoe conquered and dispossessed the Waitaha, so they, in their turn, were to fall before a superior tribe from the North. This tribe, the Ngai Tahu, to which the present Maoris belong, arrived at the South Island during the latter half of the seventeenth century. The subjugation of the Ngatimamoe proved to be no easy task, but the wave of invasion swept gradually south. About the year 1700 the pah at Kaiapohia was founded by Turakautahi. Ruins of its walls are all that now remain of what was once the nest and stronghold of the tribe. The selection of this spot—a pear-shaped piece of ground, surrounded, except for a few yards at the narrow end, by deep swamps, which afforded both a protection against the approach of an enemy and a means of retreat in case of an emergency, shows how keen an eye the old Maoris had for a natural fortress. Forests near at hand furnished wood for the whares and palisades, whilst the level lands to the south-west were well fitted for the cultivation of the kumara. A lofty monument erected about two years ago by the Maoris on concrete marks the site of their once famous pah of Kaiapoi.

When the Ngai Tahu had become firmly established at Kaiapoi hostilities were undertaken against the Ngatimamoe of Banks Peninsula. Travellers from the south had brought back reports of the good supplies of food to be found there, but to the Maori there was another and an equally strong motive for the expedition the law of "utu." On the shores of Lake Ellesmere an old Ngai Tahu chief had settled with his "hapu."

* See "Tales of Banks Peninsula," p. 4, second edition.

He lived at peace with the Ngatimamoe, with whom he was connected on his mother's side. Years before, during a tribal feud in the North Island, he had slain two women whilst attacking a pah. Their relations desired to avenge their death. The expedition, which was led by a chief called Moki, first attacked and destroyed Parakakariki, and then marched on to vengeance. Unconscious of the danger which threatened him, the old chief was easily surprised and slain. Satisfaction having been obtained, his son and followers thought it best to make peace with the invading force, which they accordingly did. The objects of the expedition having been attained, the various chiefs entered into possession of lands which each had selected, and for many years led a peaceful life.

MAORI PAH.

To the Maoris a life of peace was by no means one of idleness. "The daily round, the common task" was theirs no less than ours. The children were instructed in tribal traditions and lore; household duties, the manufacture of mats and baskets provided work for the women; the men were occupied with the preparation of tools and weapons, the felling of timber, fishing, and the cultivation of the kumara. This last, being a semi-tropical plant, needed careful attention and protection from the wind and cold. The large pits and trenches still to be seen round the old kumara plantations—for example, at the back of St Stephen's church—testify to the patient industry of the Maoris in providing the plants with a light, warm, well-drained soil. The sowing and gathering of the crops were times of solemn interest, and special honour was paid to the

KAIAPOI MONUMENT.

Photo—H. R. Wilkinson.

gods of the harvest. The shrine of one of these was close by where St. Stephen's church now stands. A small pah—Tuahiwi—was built alongside, the site of which is now the cemetery.

Kaiapohia had now attained the zenith of its glory, its power and wealth being notorious throughout the land. But history repeats itself. As the prosperous Waitaha and Ngatimamoe had fallen before invaders from the north, so Kaiapohia was to fall, and had it not been for the settlement of the country by the pakeha, no doubt in course of time the Ngatitoa would have enslaved, and probably exterminated, the Ngai Tahu.

Before the northern tribe made its appearance the number of the Canterbury natives was reduced by a deplorable civil war, in which relatives were often ranged on opposite sides, and furnished meals for their opponents. It broke out in Banks Peninsula. The cause may appear trivial enough to us—the wearing of a mat belonging to the principal chief and hereditary spiritual head of the tribe—but to the Maoris it was an act of sacrilege which could be atoned for only by blood. According to Maori custom, it did not matter much who suffered, so long as there was some connection between the offender and the victim. A servant woman belonging to a relation of her who wore the mat was put to death. "A life for a life" was the Maori maxim. In widening circles the quarrel spread until the Taumutu natives were at war with those of the Peninsula. Tamaiharanui, the sacred head of the Ngai Tahu, commanded the forces of the latter. Though of such noble birth, neither his person nor his character betrayed his exalted rank; his life was blackened by acts of base treachery and gross cruelty.

In the first engagement the Taumutu natives were defeated. In response to their appeal reinforcements arrived from Kaiapoi and the south. The combined forces overran the Peninsula, but through the humanitarian conduct of Taiaroa, a southern chief, who warned the inhabitants of the various pahs of their danger, the expedition was almost bloodless. It being contrary to the Maori sense of the fitness of things that a war party should return without some decisive action, the Kaiapoi contingent turned south.

In the death of a nephew of a chief living at Ripapa, in Lyttelton Harbour, some satisfaction was found. It was, however, dearly bought. The forces from the Peninsula swiftly avenged themselves by a general massacre of the inhabitants of the Coalgate pah. This roused Kaiapohia, for Coalgate was a daughter settlement. Again they joined forces with Taiaroa and marched to avenge the death of their relations. Taiaroa again sent warnings of their approach, but several natives were killed and eaten, and the pah at Ripapa was captured. The Taumutu natives, dreading the consequences if they were left alone, went south with Taiaroa. But they were not to escape the crafty Tamaiharanui. He followed them south, and, professing friendship, saying that honour was now satisfied, and that it would be a mistake to forsake their old home and magnificent fishing grounds, he persuaded them to return. Hastening back before them, he gathered a war party, lay in wait for them, and but few escaped.

The arrival of Rauparaha at Kaiapohia finally put an end to this miserable intertribal feud, the saddest chapter in the native history of Canterbury. Sad as is the tragedy of the next few years, nevertheless it is the story of brave men gallantly defending themselves against a superior foe.

Rauparaha was no doubt the greatest Maori warrior o this century, but his cruelty, treachery, and cupidity destroy our admiration for his skill as a general, and for his spirit of determination in the execution of his purpose. "The history of Rauparaha," wrote Colonel Wakefield in 1839,* "is the most eventful and worthy of record of any existing New Zealand chief. . . . Rauparaha is at least sixty years old. When a young man he acquired a reputation for strength and courage founded upon his skill in native warfare, which his wiliness and success in all his undertakings have preserved for him in old age. . . . In person Rauparaha is not conspicuous amongst his countrymen, his height being rather under the average. His years sit lightly upon him, he is hale and stout, and his hair but slightly touched with grey. His countenance expresses keenness and vivacity, whilst a receding forehead and deep eyelids, in raising which his eyebrows are elevated into the furrows

* Report to N.Z. Company.

of his brow, give a resemblance to the ape in the upper part of his face." Another writer, Dr. Diffenbach, says :— "Individuals are occasionally met with who have six or more toes or fingers on a foot or hand. The well-known chief Rauparaha is distinguished by this peculiarity." Such

TE RAUPARAHA.

was the man before whom Kaiapohia fell. His first visit was professedly of a friendly nature, but, coming as he did fresh from the massacre of natives at Kaikoura, the inhabitants of Kaiapohia might well have regarded him with suspicion. After a few days his treacherous designs were discovered, his chiefs caught in the pah and put to death. He retired to his island home of Kapiti, issuing thence on

a voyage of vengeance, which well reveals the treachery and cruelty of his nature. The death of the sacred head of the Ngai Tahu alone could atone for the slaughter of his chiefs. One day, about the year 1826, the brig "Elizabeth," Captain Stewart, sailed into Akaroa Harbour. No natives were allowed on board until the arrival of Tamaiharanui, who, on coming into the saloon, found himself in the power of Rauparaha and his warriors. As other Maoris came on board they were led to the hatchway and thrown down the hold. Next day the kainga was attacked, many killed, and the remainder taken prisoners.

On arrival at Kapiti, Tamaiharanui was handed over to the relations of the murdered chiefs, and by them put to death after terrible torture—a fate which he no doubt richly deserved.

Some time elapsed before Rauparaha revenged himself upon Kaiapoi. Just as the inhabitants were beginning to feel safe, he suddenly appeared. The story of the siege, the gallant defence, the fall, and the terrible massacre may be read in Canon Stack's book, "Kaiapohia." After the fall of the pah, Rauparaha pushed on to Akaroa. Anticipating his visit, the Peninsula natives had erected a fortified pah on Onawe, the earthworks of which are still to be seen. Looking down upon the harbour from the surrounding hills, so peaceful is the scene, that one hardly can realise the terrible tragedy which once was enacted on and about that steep-sided peninsula, running out between Barry's and Duvauchelle's Bays. Those who have had experience of boating there may be able to understand the meaning of the old Maori myth which spoke of Onawe as the abode of the spirit of the winds, but it is hard to associate it and the adjacent bays with the yells of savage triumph, sobs of despair, and the brutality of cannibal feasts. Satiated with blood Rauparaha returned to Kapiti. The Ngai Tahu reorganised, and as soon as possible expeditions were sent north against him. Rauparaha remained uncaptured, but several of his followers were slain.

Once more the Ngai Tahu settled down to a peaceful life, and something of their old prosperity returned. Some years later a son and nephew of Rauparaha, having been converted to Christianity, ventured amongst the Ngai Tahu

Photo.—Miss McPhail.

PAUKINI.

The only survivor of prisoners captured at Akaroa by Captain Stewart for Te Rauparaha

to proclaim to them the "good news" which they had learned. In spite of old wounds which yet remained sore, of hereditary instincts difficult to overcome, and of old customs not easily abolished, they were kindly received, listened to with attention, and succeeded in converting the whole tribe. Their courage and the forbearance of those who had suffered so deeply afford a singular instance of the regenerating power of the Christian Faith.

In June, 1848, the chiefs and people of the Ngai Tahu gathered together at Akaroa and made over to the New Zealand Company the whole of their lands from Kaiapoi to Port Chalmers, except their places of residence and plantations. In return they received the sum of £2,000 and additional reserves, the extent of which was left to the discretion of the Government. A few years later, having established a claim to the land between Kaiapoi and the Waipara, a further payment of a few hundreds was made to them for that block. The reserves set aside were no doubt thought to be sufficient, but as European settlement increased the old fishing grounds were drained, and native game became scarce. After their old life it was difficult for them to adopt European customs and restraints. They had no knowledge of, or aptitude for, farming, and some of them suffered severely from poverty. As their numbers have decreased and their lands risen in value, they have become better off. Civilization has not been altogether a blessing to them, but it has given them security of life and property.

Scattered about the province are still to be found small settlements of Maoris. Occasionally we meet with men, aged and bent, whose minds go back to stirring days of old. Contrasting their lot to-day, poor though it may be, with life as it was sixty or seventy years ago, they will confess, "Yes; pakeha life very good."

NOTES ON MAORI ART.

By S. Hurst Seager, A.R.I.B.A.

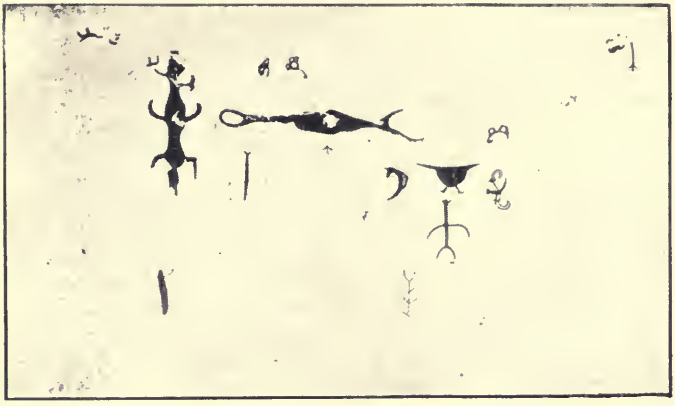
AMONG the art of primitive peoples that of the Maori takes a pre-eminent place. Its chief characteristics are its power, force, and fine decorative feeling. It does not attempt to represent any natural objects. It is true their grotesque figures have a slight resemblance to the human form—or, rather, the decorative parts are so arranged as to suggest it—and much of their decorative surfaces have the same motive, but in none is there any evidence of a power to draw nature as it is presented to them. The rock paintings at Weka Pass (Fig. 1) show the faintest resemblance to natural objects, and all paintings yet discovered are of a similar nondescript kind. In this respect the art of the Maori is very distinct from the art of many other primitive peoples, notably that of the North American Indians. These people are celebrated for their picture-writing, and nearly all are able to give a very fair representation of the animals or objects chosen as tokens or signs of families or tribes. Even the Australians, who are among the lowest races of mankind, are much ahead of the Maori in this respect, some of their incised drawings, on rocks marking the extent of the boundaries of different tribes, being excellent primitive renderings of natural forms. These peoples had but few ideas to express, and they were able to express them by means of their art in a very crude but earnest manner. The progress which a nation has made up the scale of civilisation can always be estimated by its art.

At first sight it may appear that this law does not hold good in regard to the Maori, for we know him to have been the noblest of the primitive races, a brave and honourable warrior, hospitable, a great orator, well versed in traditions and myths; and that many of his poems and

laments are full of beautiful imagery and poetic feeling, of which the following is a good example :—

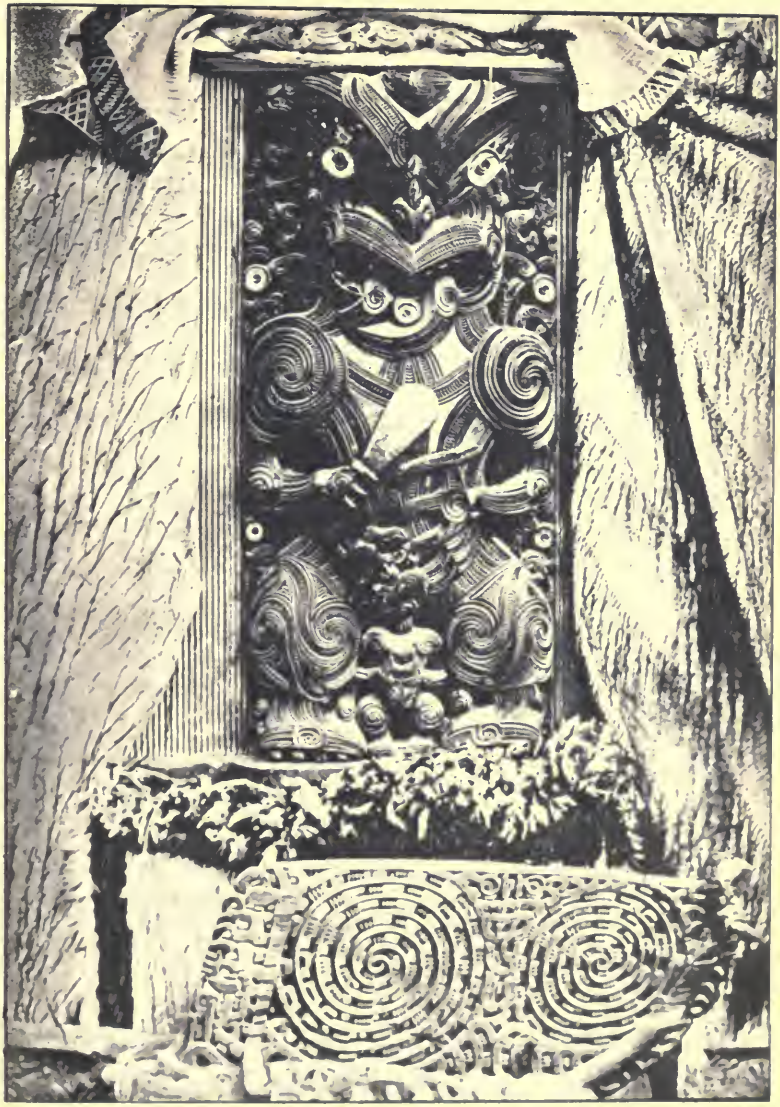
"See ! o'er the height of dark Tauhara's mount
The infant morning wakes. Perhaps my friend
Returns to me, clothed in yonder snow-white cloud.
Alas ! I toil alone in this lone world ;
Te Hea Hea went, and I am all alone.

"And art thou gone ? The mighty, great, and proud !
Who wert a spreading tree to shade
The people when dark death did hover near.
Ah ! what strange god has dealt so strange a death
Thy tribe and thee ?"



ANCIENT ROCK PAINTINGS.—*(Fig. 1).*

Under this nobility of thought and feeling there was still the savage nature, breaking forth at times in uncontrolled ferocity. Their art, it will be found, expresses accurately their dual nature. Their poetic ideas and range of thought are, it is true, far beyond the power of their artists to delineate, but their chief thought, the main business of their lives, was war ; their religion, the worship of their ancestral warriors. War, then, and their ancestral worship are the ideas we find expressed in their art. There is masterful force and vigour in every line of their best work ; strength, and the power to wield it are the dominant notes shown, not only by the symbols of war their figures hold, and by



MAORI CARVING.—(Fig. 21)

the tongue of defiance they protrude, but by the arrangement of lines forming the detail of their designs. Look at Fig. 2 ; there is strength and power in every part of it; this feeling is conveyed by the general squareness of the main outlines of the design. Think for a moment of all those things in nature possessing the element of strength, and you will find that in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms strength is always denoted by rectangular outlines, and it is by the recognition of this principle that artists of all ages have succeeded in conveying the feeling of strength and force. But though this feeling is at once apparent, that finer, loftier feeling, which led the Maori to express his ideas in beautiful and poetic language, led him also to adorn this forceful work with a wealth of beautiful detail, satisfying to the full the requirements of decorative art. The law of symmetry is seen in the perfect balance of parts, artistically relieved from monotony by the radiating and curved lines of the tongue, and the unsymmetrical lines at the top. Then look at the beautiful gradation in the spirals on the shoulders, and note how the lines of the spirals are emphasized by the notchings between them. And with true artistic feeling the small spirals on the tongue are not meaningless repetitions of the larger ones ; they are formed in a different manner by inclining the planes, and leaving a high ridge to cast a deep shadow and give emphasis to the form. Then the delicate varying curvature of the lines of the mouth, and fine grouping of lines on the other parts of the figure are all worthy of admiration, the beauty of curvature in some of the lines being worthy to stand beside some of the best Greek work. Maoris are, in fact, to the whole of the primitive races what the Greeks were to the ancient civilised world—the collectors and refiners of pre-existing forms. To what extent the motives handed down to them by tradition have been refined and beautified is clearly seen by referring to the pre-existing art work of New Guinea (Fig. 3). Here we see nothing but an incoherent jumble of graceless forms, and a crude attempt to represent a human head. Although quite devoid of artistic feeling it is interesting as showing the origin of many of the details of Maori art. It can be seen that they have been derived from representations of coils and

twisted strands of rope, and from the patterns formed in the process of weaving. In the canoe head (Fig. 3) nothing more is attempted than an imitation of the strands, and from this by gradual steps we reach the fine coils, spirals, and decorative patterns of the perfected Maori art.

HEAD OF CANOE, NEW GUINEA. *(Fig. 3).*

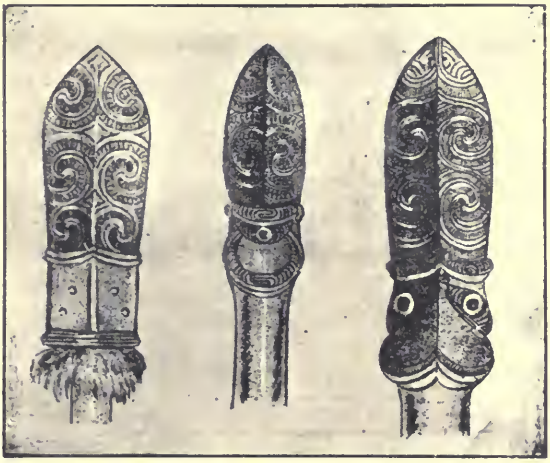
The fine spirals forming the principal part of the decoration of canoe heads (Fig. 2) affords an excellent illustration of artistic feeling. The scroll became a very important feature in their work, and here we see the care with which the Maori carver has prevented the lines of the scroll from being interfered with by making the small blocks—left to strengthen it of various sizes, and by placing them at irregular intervals. Had these been placed at regular distances straight radiating lines would have been formed destructive to the idea it was intended to convey.

In the spear heads (Fig. 4) we have another most interesting illustration, showing the persistence of the most important part of a symbolic design while the rest disappears.

As I have already said, the protruding tongue is used by the Maori as the symbol of defiance. The tongue therefore is the important feature represented all the rest of the face is of little consequence.

On the first spear head we see the full grotesque face, with the large tongue fully protruded. In the second the tongue remains in full view, but we have a side view of the face suggested; while in the third, although the face has entirely disappeared, the tongue conveys its meaning

equally well to those acquainted with the origin of the design. It will thus be seen that Maori art is full of the deepest interest, for in all cases we see in it the evidence of mind. A close study will, I am convinced, reveal many interesting facts relative to the history of the race, which we are at present unable accurately to determine.



TAIAHA.—(*Fig. 4*).

A most valuable work has been done by Mr. A. Hamilton, Registrar of the Dunedin University, in collecting illustrations of all the best specimens of Maori art now in the colony. They have been published—together with descriptive notes—by the New Zealand Institute, and give all the data necessary to a comprehensive study of their art forms.

All I am attempting in this note is to help to remove the contempt in which Maori art is held by those who judge it only in comparison with the art productions of highly civilized races. Because it does not correspond with these it is thoughtlessly judged to be ugly, hideous, and unworthy of further consideration. It is of course grotesque, but it

is a noble grotesque, for there are no distortions of nature, no caricature, no repulsive features, no hideous marks—it is a vigorous, earnest expression of the minds of the people before their "civilization" commenced.

It is our duty to carefully preserve and study what remains, not for thoughtless, aimless reproduction, but to make clearer the history, the religion, the thoughts and feelings of this interesting race.

The reproduction and preservation of their best art work in stone or other durable materials, as was done in the Kaiapohia Monument, may well be encouraged, but to make Maori forms the basis of modern art work is a practice which could obtain only among a people who have long since ceased to regard plastic art forms as a vehicle for the expression of ideas.

THE PALM LILY.

THE PLANTS AND ANIMALS OF CANTERBURY.

By Arthur Dendy, *D.Sc.*, *F.L.S.*, *Professor of Biology in the Canterbury College, University of N.Z.*

THE stranger who visits Christchurch, or any other locality on the Canterbury Plains, in the expectation of seeing much of the remarkable native plants and animals of New Zealand, will be sadly disappointed. Even at the time of the arrival of the earliest settlers the vegetation of the Plains, except for a patch of bush here and there, such as may still be seen to a very limited extent on Mr. Deans' property at Riccarton, appears to have been but scanty, and now that practically the whole of the Plains are under cultivation, the casual observer might travel for miles without being reminded by any of the natural products around him that he is in New Zealand. The well-cultivated paddocks are separated by enormous gorse hedges, and hedgerows and ditches alike are filled with European weeds.

Here and there will be a plantation of the American *Pinus insignis*, or the Australian blue-gum, or a tall wind-break of *Cupressus macrocarpa*, while the sand-hills on part of the east coast are covered by the now completely naturalized Californian tree lupin. Countless flocks of English goldfinches may be seen feeding on the thistle seed in autumn, while the skylark fills the air with melody as joyfully as in the Old Country, and sparrows, thrushes, and blackbirds seem equally at home. The Californian quail, too, has almost completely replaced the native quail, while rabbits and hares in abundance, and even English hedgehogs, are not wanting to complete the illusion.

Occasionally, however, some swamp may still be met with which has not yet been entirely reclaimed, and here the primæval condition of the vegetation may be observed in thickets of tea-tree[1], gigantic clumps of the tall flax-lily[2], and great tussocks of toi-toi grass[3], with graceful waving plumes, together with an abundance of bulrushes (Raupo)[4] and that curious sedge known popularly as nigger-head[5], which rises ever higher and higher on its own dead selves above the level of the swamp.

Occasionally also the traveller may come upon one of those great deserts of shingle, through which the copious drainage of the Southern Alps makes its way to the Pacific Ocean, and here again he will find that the advent of civilization has for the most part made no impression, at any rate upon the plants. These, however, will be by no means luxuriant in appearance, being mostly stunted bushes and low-growing herbs. The "wild Irishman,"[6]—a plant whose nearest relatives are found in the South American anchor-plants—may claim respect for its ferocious thorns, said to have been used by the Maoris for tattooing, and may be associated with the native brooms[7] and several other almost leafless shrubs. In some places the shingle will be carpeted with spreading patches of small moss-like herbs, often with silvery foliage, chief among which are the river-bed Raoulias so characteristic of New Zealand—plants of the daisy family, with minute leaves and tiny yellow or white flowers.

1 *Leptospermum*. 2 *Phormium tenax*. 3 *Arundo conspicua*. 4 *Typha angustifolia*. 5 *Carex virgata*. 6 *Discaria toumatou*. 7 *Carmichaelia*.

Photo.—L. Cockayne

SPANIARD.

Altogether the native vegetation of the plains exhibits a somewhat dreary aspect, and this has been accounted for by supposing that in past times, when the plains stretched as far as the Chatham Islands, the climate was consequently very much drier than now, and the plants had to adapt themselves to the conditions of life which are met with in all desert regions Even at the present day the high range of the Southern Alps stops most of the rain from ever reaching the plains, and precludes the possibility of a really luxuriant vegetation.

The Province of Canterbury, however, fortunately for local naturalists, also includes certain hilly and mountainous tracts of country—on the eastern coast the volcanic hills of Banks Peninsula, and on the west a very large share of the Southern Alps. In these districts, and especially in the latter, a luxuriant native vegetation is still to be found, becoming richer and richer as the actual dividing range is approached until we meet with the most magnificent displays of wild flowers near the sources of the large glacier rivers.

Even the Port Hills near Christchurch offer far more of interest to the botanist than is generally supposed. Their north-western slopes, fully exposed to the parching winds which so often sweep over the plains, and with an average rainfall of only about 26 inches in the year—if so much—are for the most part covered with tussock grass[1], amongst which occur many characteristic New Zealand plants. Conspicuous amongst these we may notice the remarkable wild Spaniard, or spear grass[2], so called on account of its harsh, bayonet-like leaves. The genus to which this plant belongs is almost entirely confined to New Zealand, and includes several species, some of them living high up on the Alps The structure of its flowers, which are borne in tall, handsome spikes, shows that it belongs to the same order as the carrot and parsnip[3], an order which, except for these Spaniards, is poorly represented in New Zealand. We also find here and there patches of the celebrated tutu[4], whose poisonous properties have proved so destructive to stock in all parts of New Zealand that the word "tuted"—

1 Species of Poa and Festuca. 2 *Aciphylla squarrosa*. 3 *Umbelliferæ*. 4 *Coriaria ruscifolia* a poisonous plant of the same genus also occurs in Europe.

CELMISIA.

Photo—Wheeler & Sons

i.e., poisoned by eating tutu—has become a necessary part of our vocabulary.

Everywhere the graceful native harebell[1] shows its blue or white flowers, and occasionally a pretty white orchid[2] is to be met with, or a tuft of the grassy-leaved, small-flowered native iris[3]. He who looks long and patiently may also find amongst the grass the tiny yellow starlike flowers[4] which alone represent the English daffodils amongst the New Zealand vegetation. In some places the tussock is replaced by dense patches of bracken fern[5], and here and there the monotony is relieved by clumps of native flax-lily[6] with their broad sword-shaped leaves and tall flower-stalks, while the tall-stemmed palm-lilies[7] in places lend an almost tropical aspect to the scene. A true flax[8] with handsome white flowers grows side by side with the usurper of its name, and occasionally one sees a scrubby bush of *Muehlenbeckia*, covered with its curious white berries.

Amongst the host of introduced weeds it is difficult for anybody but a botanist to distinguish the smaller and less peculiar native plants, such as the tiny yellow-flowered oxalis[9], the white-flowered native geranium[10], the small white native heath[11], and others too numerous to mention.

Higher up, upon the rocky summits, however, we cannot mistake *Senecio saxifragoides*, with its broad hairy leaves and bunches of bright yellow daisy flowers, a handsome plant which might be called the "yellow rock-daisy," and which is peculiarly a Canterbury plant, being found only on the hills of Banks Peninsula, and rarely in the Kaikouras. A fitting companion for this beautiful plant is found in *Veronica lavaudiana*, one of the finest Veronicas in the world, with exquisite white and pink flowers. This is also a rock-loving plant restricted to Banks Peninsula.

The few patches of native bush which still remain on the Port Hills hardly compare in luxuriance with the dense forest of the West Coast, a difference which is accounted for by the very much smaller rainfall. Nevertheless many of New Zealand's characteristic forest trees and shrubs are

1 *Wahlenbergia gracilis.* 2 *Thelymitra longifolia.* 3 *Libertia ixioides.* 4 *Hypoxis pusilla.* 5 *Pteris aquilina.* 6 *Phormium tenax.* 7 *Cordyline australis.* 8 *Linum monogynum.* 9 *Oxalis corniculata.* 10 *Geranium microphyllum.* 11 *Leucopogon fraseri.*

here to be met with. Broadleaf[1], five-fingered Jack[2], lacebark[3], matipo[4], red matipo[5], New Zealand coffee[6], titoki or native ash[7], and the totara pine[8] jostle one another in the dense dry bush. The handsome ngaio[9], with its glossy leaves and pink-spotted flowers, represents our garden verbenas, while even the modest violets are represented by a tall forest tree[10]. The pea-flowered kowhai[11] attracts the melodious tui to its honey-laden blossoms, and brightens up the landscape in spring with masses of yellow gold. The native fuchsia[12]—an exile from South America—and the fierce bush-nettle[13] are conspicuous amongst the undergrowth, together with the bush-lily[14], but we see but few species of the characteristic New Zealand daisy-trees[15] or of the bushy Veronicas (koromiko), which are so conspicuous in other parts of these islands. Even the semi-tropical true pepper[16] disputes with the false native pepper[17] the right to its name, and yet another semi-tropical plant, the nikau[18]—New Zealand's only palm—extends as far south as Banks Peninsula, though not found on the Port Hills.

Tree ferns, unfortunately, are almost extinct within easy reach of Christchurch, it is said on account of their having been extensively exported to England, but a few may still be found in favoured localities. Climbing forest plants or "lianes" are abundantly represented by the lawyer[19], *Parsonsia albiflora*, Convolvulus, Muehlenbeckia, the native passion-flower[20], the climbing daisy[21], and the beautiful clematis. Of the latter genus we have a good many species in New Zealand, of which one of the commonest and certainly one of the most beautiful is *Clematis indivisa*, with its festoons of large white flowers, while perhaps the most remarkable is *Clematis afoliata*, the leafless clematis, with sweet-scented yellow blossoms, large bushes of which are to be found growing wild near Sumner. That remarkable

---

1 *Griselinia littoralis.* 2 *Panax arboreum.* 3 *Hoheria angustifolia* and *Plagianthus betulinus.* 4 *Pittosporum.* 5 *Myrsine urvillei.* 6 Species of *Coprosma.* 7 *Alectryon excelsum.* 8 *Podocarpus totara.* 9 *Myoporum lætum.* 10 *Melicytus ramiflorus.* 11 *Sophora tetraptera.* 12 *Fuchsia excorticata.* 13 *Urtica ferox.* 14 *Astelia nervosa.* 15 Species of *Olearia.* 16 *Piper excelsum.* 17 *Drimys colorata.* 18 *Areca sapida.* 19 *Rubus australis.* 20 *Passiflora tetrandra.* 21 *Senecio sciadophilus.*

Photo—F. C. Bishop

MOUNTAIN LILY OR WHITE BUTTERCUP.

climbing lily, the supplejack (*Rhipogonum scandens*), may also occasionally be met with.

Turning now to the eastern slopes of the great range of the Southern Alps, we find extensive tracts of forest composed chiefly of beech[1], unfortunately fast disappearing in the saw-mills and in the bush-fires which so frequently devastate the hillsides. The various New Zealand species of beech—commonly but erroneously called birch—much resemble the familiar English tree in habit, but differ conspicuously in their smaller leaves, which do not fall from the tree until new ones have appeared to take their place, and thus afford a good illustration of the evergreen character of New Zealand trees in general. Associated with the beech in the lower mountain forest we find many of the trees already noticed on the Port Hills, together with the white pine[2] and an undergrowth which comprises many species of ferns, including tree ferns[3]. The tree trunks are covered with mosses and lichens, amongst which the delicate filmy ferns[4] spread out their tender fronds in the grateful shade. Here also we find a characteristic New Zealand tree in the lancewood[5], most remarkable in the half-grown state, with its tall straight stem and long stiff drooping leaves with saw-like edges.

Amongst the smaller herbaceous plants which flourish in the decaying leaf-mould beneath the trees perhaps the most remarkable is that strange orchid *Gastrodia cunninghamii*, with its tall fleshy leafless stems and brown spotted flowers.

On the whole the beech forest is dark and gloomy, but here and there it may be lighted up by a tuft of scarlet or yellow native mistletoe[6], or in spring by the gay garlands of white clematis; while in the more open places grows the beautiful ribbon-wood[7], with a profusion of white flowers resembling pear-blossom.

As we ascend the character of the vegetation changes, the mountain beech[8] replaces that of lower altitudes[9], and the undergrowth consists largely of the alpine celery pine[10], an almost unique member of the order *Coniferæ*, with the

1 Species of *Fagus*. 2 *Podocarpus dacrydioides*. 3 *Dicksonia squarrosa*. 4 *Hymenophyllum*. 5 *Pseudopanax*. 6 Species of *Loranthus*. 7 *Gaya ribifolia*, slightly different from the more western *Gaya lyallii*. 8 *Fagus cliffortoides*. 9 *Fagus solandri*. 10 *Phyllocladus alpinus*.

Photo.—L. Cockayne

VEGETABLE SHEEP.

customary needle-like leaves replaced by flattened leaf-like branches, and altogether one of the most interesting trees in New Zealand.

Presently we may emerge from the forest upon some moor-like tableland in the heart of the ranges, where we again meet with a characteristic flora composed largely of heath-like Gaultherias, white gentians, blue ground-lilies[1], yellow forget-me-nots[2], native daisies[3], creeping veronicas, and white-flowered Pimeleas, with magnificent clumps of the larger Spaniard[4]. In boggy situations we find representatives of those fascinating insectivorous plants, the sundews[5] and bladderworts[6], so dear to the heart of the English lover of nature.

Still higher we enter the sub-alpine scrub, which is very well seen, for example, along the coach road in the neighbourhood of Arthur's Pass, near the boundary between Canterbury and Westland. Here the vegetation, though dense, assumes a dwarf and stunted appearance, and consists largely of shrubby veronicas, white and yellow-flowered daisy trees[7], and various curious representatives of the heath order, amongst which we have only space to mention particularly the quaint *Dracophyllum traversii*, a much-branched tree, whose branches end each in a tuft of stiff foliage, reminding one of the crown of a pine-apple. Smaller species of the same genus are abundant throughout New Zealand, and form quite one of the most characteristic features of its vegetation.

In the neighbourhood of the same pass the rich sub-Alpine and Alpine meadow flora may also be conveniently studied, the ground being thickly carpeted with exquisite flowering plants of many species. The great white buttercup of the Southern Alps[8], handsomest of its genus, grows in profusion, only rivalled in beauty by the marguerite-like flowers of the numerous different kinds of "cotton plant" or mountain daisy[9]. To this assemblage of plants also belong the New Zealand "Edelweiss[10]" (no mean representative of the Swiss plant

1 *Herpolirion Novæ Zealandiæ.* 2 *Myosotis australis.* 3 *Brachycome Sinclairii.* 4 *Aciphylla colensoi.* 5 *Drosera.* 6 *Utricularia* 7 *Olearia* and *Senecio.* 8 *Ranunculus Lyallii.* 9 Species of *Celmisia.* 10 *Helichrysum grandiceps.*

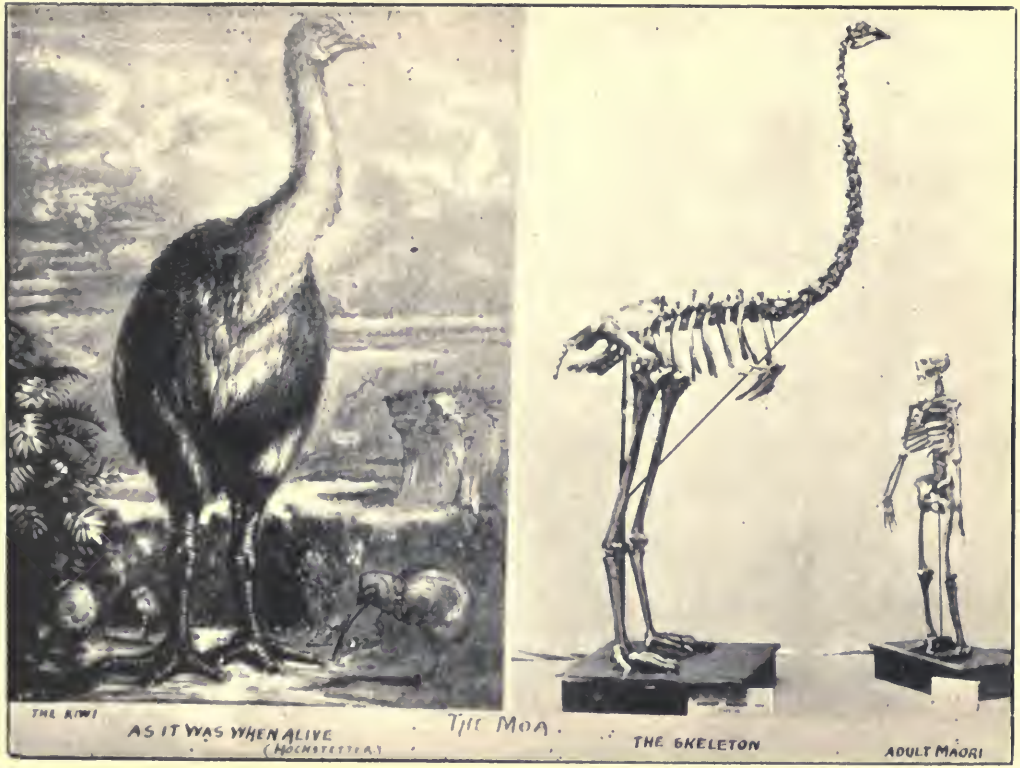
KIWIS.

from which it derives its name), and the exquisite white-flowered ourisias[1], together with many others of scarcely less interest and beauty, such as the azalea-flowered veronica[2], and the narrow-leaved *Veronica linifolia*.

One of the most characteristic features of our Canterbury Alps is afforded by the numerous "shingle-slips" formed by the weathering of the rocks, and often covering almost entire hill-sides. This loose *debris* of angular rock fragments supports a vegetation peculiarly its own, and the plants comprised therein exhibit strange adaptations in structure to their unusual conditions of life. Amongst the most remarkable are the fleshy-leaved buttercup[3], the black daisy[4], the pen-wiper plant[5], and some very curious veronicas[6] (amongst them one of the "whipcord" type[7]).

Before taking leave of the vegetation let us glance for a moment at the rocky summit of one of our typical Canterbury mountains: say, for example, Mount Torlesse. As we ascend the grassy slopes we may note the curious leafless coral-broom[8], with its stiffribbed stems; and higher up we shall find, above the region of the sub-alpine scrub and exposed to all the fierceness of the winter storm and summer heat, one of the most remarkable plants in New Zealand, and one which is especially characteristic of the province of Canterbury. *Raoulia eximia*, the far-famed "vegetable sheep," is shown by its flowers to belong to the daisy order, but in its general appearance it is quite unique. Its copious branches, covered with minute over-lapping leaves, are so thickly crowded together that only their rounded ends are visible, all pressed close together to form an almost smooth surface, while the entire plant grows in great cushion-like masses nearly as hard and compact as lumps of wood. Colonies of these curious plants, growing near one another on the barren rocky summits, bear no slight resemblance, when seen at a distance, to flocks of sheep. To the botanist they are of intense interest as examples of the perfect manner in which plants are able to adapt themselves to their environment, their particular mode of growth protecting them alike from winter storm and snow and from

1 *Ourisia macrocarpa* and *macrophylla*. 2 *Veronica macrantha*. 3 *Ranunculus haastii*. 4 *Cotula atrata*. 5 *Notothlaspi rosulatum*. 6 *V. epacridea*, *V tetrasticha*, *and V. pinguifolia*. 7 *Veronica lycopodioides*. 8 *Corallospartium crassicaule*.


THE KIWI
AS IT WAS WHEN ALIVE
(HOCHSTETTER.)
THE MOA.
THE SKELETON
ADULT MAORI

summer heat and drought. Many other Alpine cushion plants in New Zealand and in other parts of the world are modified in the same direction and for the same reason, but few, if any, are so remarkable in this respect as our own "vegetable sheep."

The native animals of Canterbury are much less easily studied than the native plants, and our limited space forbids us to do more than take a very cursory survey of this part of our subject. Indeed it is impossible to treat of the Canterbury fauna separately from that of New Zealand in general, for we may pretty safely assume that nearly every animal which occurs, at any rate in the South Island, may, occasionally at least, be found in Canterbury.

The fauna of New Zealand is essentially that of an Oceanic island widely separated from any continent, whence the absence of all truly indigenous mammalia, except the bats, whose wings serve to carry them over large stretches of sea. To our isolated position we also owe the entire absence of snakes, and the almost complete absence of native frogs, the frog[1] which is so common in Canterbury being an importation from Australia. Lizards, however, we have in fair variety and abundance, but the most remarkable of our native reptiles, the *Tuatara*, is not met with in this province.

The vertebrate fauna of New Zealand, indeed, consists principally of birds and, owing doubtless to the absence of beasts of prey, many of these have lost the power of flight, and their wings have become more or less degenerate. These flightless ground birds certainly constitute by far the most important part of our native animal population. Chief amongst them in former times were the gigantic moas[2], of whose fossil remains such a magnificent collection is to be seen in the Canterbury Museum. At the present day they are represented by the much smaller kiwis[3], of which three kinds occur in the South Island, and whose enormous eggs seem to indicate that they are descended from gigantic ancestors. Owing to their nocturnal habits and to the denseness of the forest in which they live, the kiwis are rarely seen alive in a state of nature, unless turned out by

1 *Hyla aurea.* 2 *Dinornithidæ.* 3 Species of *Apteryx.*

THE PARRAKEET.

THE TUI.

THE HARRIER.

dogs. They emerge from their hiding places at night, and prod the ground in every direction with their long sensitive bills in search of food.

Scarcely less remarkable is our large flightless ground-parrot—the kakapo[1]—which frequents the densest part of the forest and is also nocturnal in habit.

The flightless woodhens, or wekas[2], on account of their greater abundance and extraordinary confidence, are much more familiar denizens of the bush. They visit every camping ground, investigating the empty tins and sampling the cheese with their sharp beaks almost as tamely as barn-door fowls.

The *Notornis*, largest of our living flightless birds, has not been met with in Canterbury, and is indeed on the verge of extinction—a fate which, owing to the introduction of dogs, cats, weasels, and other rapacious animals, must soon overtake all our native ground-birds.

Amongst birds of prey we have in the South Island three hawks (the best-known being the large harrier) and two owls (one of them familiar as the "morepork[3]"). The kingfisher[4] is found even near Christchurch. The honey-eaters are represented by the musical tui or parson-bird, the bell-bird, and the wax-eye—the last a comparatively recent immigrant from Australia. Amongst the creepers there are the bush-wren, the rock-wren, the rifleman and the yellow-headed native canary. The grey warbler is one of our principal native song-birds, and its relation, *Certhiparus Novæ Zealandiæ*, is the sole representative of a genus confined to the South Island of New Zealand. Our so-called tits and robins belong to a genus—*Petroica*—characteristic of Australia. The ground-lark is everywhere a common bird. The thrushes are represented by a genus—*Turnagra*—peculiar to New Zealand, with one species in the North Island and another in the South. Fly-catchers are represented by the pied and black fantails; crows by a genus—*Glaucopsis*—again peculiar to New Zealand, with one species in the north and another in the south (the orange-wattled crow). The starling family

1 *Stringops habroptilus*. 2 *Ocydromus australis* in Canterbury. 3 *Athene Novæ Zealandiæ*. 4 *Halcyon vagans*.

gives us the "saddle-back[1]" which also belongs to a genus peculiar to our island.

Of our parrots we have already noticed the most remarkable—the kakapo—in speaking of the flightless birds. Another genus—*Nestor*—is peculiar to New Zealand, and is represented by the kakas and keas (*Nestor notabilis*). The latter has acquired an unenviable notoriety from its alleged habit of killing sheep. Probably it does so occasionally, but it seems hardly likely that it can be a regular practice. At any rate it is a proscribed bird, and were it not for the inaccessibility of its haunts in the remote fastnesses of the Southern Alps, this very interesting member of our native fauna might soon be exterminated.

We have also no less than four species of parrakeets, so that, although poor compared with that of Australia, our parrot population is by no means insignificant.

Two cuckoos, the long-tailed and the shining, stay with us during the summer, but migrate to warmer regions for the winter months.

The large fruit-eating pigeon[2] is one of the handsomest birds in the bush. True game birds are represented by the native quail[3], once abundant on the Canterbury Plains. The plover family is well represented by several plovers (two of them belonging to genera[4] peculiar to New Zealand), dotterel, turnstone and oystercatcher; and we have no less than five species of heron and bittern, belonging to the genus *Ardea*.

The sandpiper, godwit, avocet, three kinds of stilts and the knot must also be mentioned amongst the wading birds.

In the rail family we have the wekas, already noticed, belonging to a genus—*Ocydromus*—which is highly characteristic of New Zealand, together with the striped rail, the water crake, the swamp crake, and the swamp hen[5], the last named being a wide-spread Australian species, nearly related to the celebrated *Notornis*, which it closely resembles on a smaller scale.

As regards the duck family we are also well off, with our paradise ducks, brown ducks, grey ducks, white-winged ducks and blue mountain ducks—the last belonging to a

1 *Creadion carunculatus.* 2 *Carpophaga Novæ Zealandiæ.* 3 *Coturnix Novæ Zealandiæ.* 4 *Thinornis* and *Anarhynchus.* 5 *Porphyrio melanotus*

genus (*Hymenolæmus*) peculiar to New Zealand; to which must be added the little teal, black teal and shoveller; while the divers are represented by the almost cosmopolitan crested grebe and the dabchick.

Shags of various kinds are only too common and play sad havoc amongst the young trout now more or less naturalised in our rivers; while of the more strictly sea-birds we also have a considerable variety, including gulls, terns, petrels, albatrosses, puffins, and penguins.

It is to be feared that the space assigned to this article has already been greatly exceeded, and we have been unable even to mention our native fish and the numerous interesting invertebrate animals which occur along our shores and in the bush, but enough has perhaps been said to show the reader that we have in the province of Canterbury native plants and animals in sufficient variety and of sufficient interest to satisfy the most ardent lover of Nature, and to afford material for scientific research for many generations to come.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE ALPS OF CANTERBURY.

By L. Cockayne.

AS, just fifty years ago, the pilgrim fathers of our province slowly sailed along the shore of Canterbury, their tedious journey almost ended, far on the horizon rose the first view of their future home—the snow-clad Southern Alps. Little could these gazers dream that the distant wall of mountains contained behind it, or held locked up in its recesses, scenes of beauty, which, ere many years should speed, would attract travellers from distant lands, and so become in time a source of much wealth to the settlement, a wealth moreover that would be perennial, increasing year by year.

The majestic solitude that these hills had so long endured was destined at last to be broken. Soon daring pioneers pierced their fastnesses, pastured numerous flocks and herds upon the virgin meadows, and built homely dwellings beneath the shadow of great peaks, by the banks of mighty rivers, or near the shores of peaceful lakes. These bold hearts, and after these, explorers, surveyors, and miners enduring toils and hardships of which we now can form but little estimate, for of these they said nought, forced their way further into unknown regions, and so first made known the wealth of scenery that therein lies, the fame of which has reached all civilised lands, so that this Switzerland of Australasia, as it has been not unaptly called, is now one of the chief glories of our country.

How great the changes since those days of the pioneer! In the very heart of the Alpine region is a hostelry, the Mount Cook Hermitage; also tracks and huts for tourists, an alpine guide—everything, indeed, that either the energetic mountain climber may require, or that he may

Photo.—J. I. Kinsey.

MT. COOK (12,340 FEET) FROM SEALEY RANGE.

Mt. Cook has been climbed twice.

First, on Christmas Day, 1894, by three New Zealanders—E. C. Fyfe, G. Graham and Jack Clark.

Second, on 14th March, 1913, by M. Zurbriggen.

need who prefers, in Mark Twain fashion, to ascend the peaks by telescope, a method certainly not without its advantages. A good coach road and an excellent coach service connect the Hermitage with the Christchurch-Bluff line; thus this region, with its glaciers only to be exceeded in dimensions by those of polar lands, of Himalayan or of Andean heights, is brought within the easy reach of all. True, there are two days of coaching (soon, I believe, to be limited to one), but in these days of railways everywhere the foreign tourist, at any rate, hails a coach ride as a welcome change.

Much has been written concerning Mount Cook and its splendours, so much indeed that little need be said here. Messrs. Mannering, Fitzgerald and Harper have told of feats of daring on the Alpine heights. An excellent general account of the district, written by Mr. J. J. Kinsey, published in the *Weekly Press* some three years ago, and illustrated by a splendid set of photographs, well explains the wonders of the region, and gives some idea of how Nature works, ploughing the valleys with her glaciers, and rending the solid mountains with frost and storm, leaving the traces of her handiwork in towering cliff, rugged crag, or pinnacle piercing the sky. But in the pictures all is silent; we miss the voice of labouring nature, the thunder of the avalanche, moaning of wind, and roar of boisterous waters.

It must not be thought that round Mount Cook and its illustrious fellows is the only glacier scenery of Canterbury to be found. On the contrary, at the sources of the Rangitata, Ashburton, Rakaia, Waimakariri, and many of their tributaries, are glaciers of very great dimensions, and on every side majestic scenery, scenery that can vie with that of any other land. The Lyall and Ramsey glaciers are respectively eight miles and seven miles in length, and each a mile wide at its terminal face: that is to say, they are equal to two masses of ice some hundreds of feet thick, each wide at first as the North Belt at Christchurch from end to end, and stretching to beyond White's Bridge on the Kaiapoi road. At present the glacier scenery of these rivers is not opened up to the ordinary tourist, who likes to take things as comfortably as possible; but there is little which cannot be reached more or less easily by means of

VIEW FROM BRODRICK'S HUT.

Looking South, showing the Haast and other Glaciers flowing into the Tasman Glacier. Miss Kinsey (Christchurch) was the first lady to visit Brodrick's Hut.

horses, while much can be visited by any pedestrian who does not mind getting wet through occasionally. As for beauty, each of these great river basins has special charms of its own.

The Rangitata possesses wonderful gorges, through which some of its source-branches flow; here there is possibly wilder scenery on the whole than may be encountered elsewhere. A melancholy interest attaches to this river, for in its rushing waters Dr. Sinclair, one of the earliest and most famous of New Zealand botanists, met his death. "We brought the body of my lamented friend," writes Haast, "to Mesopotamia, and buried him on March 29th, 1861. Near the banks of the river, just where it emerges from the Southern Alps*, with their perpetual snow fields glistening in the sun, amidst Veronicas and Senecios, and covered with Celmisias and Gentians, there lies his lonely grave." And what more fitting sepulchre could be for nature-lover, slain in the midst of his life's work, than to lie amongst the flowers which he had loved so well.

The Ashburton glacier, though not so large as some of the others, is of the most wondrous beauty. Were it in Europe it would be approached by railway, and have in its vicinity various huge hotels for the accommodation of the thousands who would visit it. As for the glaciers of the Rakaia, and the scenery of its basin, year by year long holidays could be spent without exhausting half their treasures. There is a track now by which the Whitcombe Pass may be crossed and the West Coast gained, a route quite equal to, if not excelling that of the famous Te Anau—Milford Sound.

But of all the less known glaciers, those at the source of the River Waimakariri are, in the present state of means of communication, the most important to Canterbury, since they can be reached more easily and quickly than any others. The tourist leaving Christchurch by the morning train for Springfield will arrive at Bealey at seven or eight in the evening, and by making a start at six next morning he can reach the glacier easily by noon on horseback; in short, one can stand on glacier ice and be among some of the

* Haast restricts the term Southern Alps to the central portion of the actual dividing range.

wildest, grandest, and most delightful scenery in New Zealand almost within twenty-four hours of leaving Christchurch. The journey from the Bealey—15 miles to the ice—affords a series of charming views. It can be made also quite easily and safely on foot, provided the river is low; thus have I more than once performed it. In places the track leads through the beech forest, which offers a pleasing change to the stony river-bed. Sometimes the way is over grassy flats, where grow round, ball like bushes of Veronica, looking for all the world as if trimmed by a gardener's hand. At six miles distance from the Bealey a fair sized glacier may be seen some miles away descending from Mount Rolleston into the head of the Crow River. Further on the scenery increases in grandeur mile by mile: on the right bank uprears Mount Greenlaw, densely bush clad on its lower slopes, with glaciers in its higher hollows: on the other side of the river is the extremely precipitous and rocky Mount Rolleston Range. At ten miles from the Bealey the river divides into a northern branch—the Waimakariri proper—and into the main glacier branch, named the White River. To the north west stands Mount Armstrong, a veritable Matterhorn, one mass of black forbidding rock, so steep that only a few patches of snowy ice cling to its sides, with waterfalls like long threads of silver dropping down into the abyss beneath. Following the White River for a mile further westward, it turns suddenly to the south, and a narrow valley is entered, its bottom in most places quite filled by the boiling foaming torrent, dashing against the huge boulders which try to block its progress. On both sides grows the sub-alpine vegetation in all its beauty. You may walk knee-deep in Mountain Lilies, you may pick Edelweiss* by the handfull: the air at a certain season of the year is full of the fragrance of the Alpine Broom[2]. At two miles distance down this valley, from a wall-like mass of mountain on the left-hand side, dashes down a most magnificent waterfall some four or five hundred feet in one great leap. This waterfall, the Kilmarnock by name, has always a great volume of water, being glacier-fed,

* The Mountain Lily is not a lily at all but a buttercup, and the Edelweiss does not belong to the same genus as its European namesake.

2 *Carmichaelia grandiflora*, var. *alba*.

nor is the creek to which it gives rise at all times easy to cross on foot, so swiftly do the waters flow. These, after a heavy winter snow-fall, run for a considerable distance under a tunnel of frozen snow. Two miles further on, and the entire valley is filled by a large glacier, which ascends and crowns with ice the neighbouring mountains. On the left is a fine ice-fall, from which numerous avalanches at times fall crashing to the glacier below. Midway between the waterfall and the final glacier there frowns from the summit of a high precipice a great mass of ice of the clearest blue, looking like the battlements of some ancient castle.

To properly explore and leisurely examine the delightful scenery of this region would take several weeks. But in that case it would be necessary to camp on the flat four miles from the ice. If a hut were erected here by the Government, it would be of inestimable value to tourists, and would do something towards opening up the truly splendid scenery of this region. Besides the White River there is grand rock scenery up the northern branch, and also two saddles which lead over into Westland, while there are at least half a dozen peaks well worthy of the attention of a first-class mountaineer.

Loveliness is not confined to regions of snow and ice. Nature has as often a gentle as a stern mood. The lakes of Canterbury, so rarely held up for comparison with their Otago sisters, are certainly not without their charm. Haast writes regarding Lake Pukaki—"The view from its outlet up the broad valley of the Tasman towards the Southern Alps, with Mount Cook in the centre and a wooded island in the foreground, is really glorious, and if we imagine smiling villas and numerous parks and villages round its shores, there is no lake in Europe which could compare with it." Other lakes, large and small, some among bare stern hills, others pleasingly set in a framework of shrubs and trees, and some high among precipitous mountains, are to be encountered all over the Canterbury mountain region.

One small lake—Lake Minchin—I will describe, since it is almost unknown, and is also, so far as comparisons may allow, to my mind the most perfect beauty spot I have ever seen. It lies near one of the sources of the River Poulter, hidden away in the mountains not far from the Dividing Range,

Photo. L. Cockayne

ROLLESTON GLACIER.

and distant from Mount White homestead some twenty miles or so. When the Midland Railway is opened into the Waimakariri Table Land it would be possible to reach the lake from Christchurch in a day. It is not until you are almost on the margin of the lake that its presence is suspected, so hemmed in is it by the mountain masses Forcing one's way through a narrow patch of forest covering an old moraine, the lake, a scene of the most wondrous beauty, suddenly bursts upon the astonished gaze. The change from the thick bush to the lovely lake is rapid as a transformation scene. I will quote the description of the lake from my paper recently published in the Report of the Department of Lands and Survey.

"It (the lake) lay solitary at our feet, its surface a mass of white-tipped waves; on its two sides mountains covered with green forest, pierced in many places by grey rock, rose for several thousands of feet, and for background was a huge two-peaked hill, snow-capped and storm-swept. A fine waterfall fell in three leaps some two or three hundred feet from the mountains on our left, and in the foreground, in the lake itself, were two little islands, exquisite with their covering of green Veronicas and white-leaved Olearias."

The forest is of the western type of many hues of green, and contains certain shrubs very rarely encountered in Canterbury. The lake is only very small, one mile by three-quarters of a mile. Beyond the lake, which can be skirted with considerable difficulty, is a grassy flat covered with many alpine flowers, where huge Spaniards, with flower stems six feet in height, abound. Beyond this flat is a gorge, the scenery of which offers in its stern grandeur the greater contrast to that of the lake. I will again quote from my paper:—

"On both sides the walls are of quite precipitous rock, that on the left rising sheer in places from one thousand feet or more, and that on the right to one hundred feet, giving a low estimate. In the bed of the stream the boulders are immense, and the stream filling in places the bed from side to side, runs like a mill race. The gorge is perhaps half a mile in length, its sombreness is relieved by many plants growing in crevices of the cliffs, of which a

RIVER MINCHEN.

certain Veronica[1] and a Celmisia[2], with shining small green leaves, were sheets of bloom. Just as we thought we were well through the gorge, the river falling in two cataracts twenty feet in height completely blocked our passage."

To escape from the mountains and gain the plains the rivers have cut for themselves deep canon-like gorges, the scenery of which can, however, be usually only seen from above, as, for instance, in the gorges of the Rakaia or the Hurunui. For rock scenery of a type quite different from that of the bush-clad western gorges these are unsurpassed. It is quite easy when the river is low to follow the gorge of the Ashley for four miles at any rate until the mouth of Canary Creek be reached, at which place the Ashley may be left, and the road along the foothills again reached by crossing over Knowles' Hill. This latter, although of no great height, affords a splendid view of the Canterbury Plains. Such a view may be had from any of the mountains, great or small, which abut upon the plain; for instance, Mount Grey, Mount Torlesse, Mount Somers, and Mount Peel, all hills whose ascent presents no great difficulty to the ordinary holiday-seeker. How strange the sight in the early morning to look down upon the fleecy billows of cloud far below, covering the whole Canterbury Plain.

Mountains such as Mount Torlesse, Mount Hutt, and many others may appear bare and uninviting as compared with their more western brethren, but surely these heights, often great rounded masses, covered from base to summit with rocky *debris*, have a beauty all their own. Examine a little more closely their great slopes, grey with bare shingle or yellow with tussock grasses; watch them in the varying light of sunshine and shadow, of storm and calm; observe their marvellous colouring, or see them in winter draped in their snowy mantle. Nor are these mountains always so bare by any means as they may seem. Did not want of space forbid I could tell of many romantic spots hidden away in places seemingly devoid of beauty; of rocky narrow gorges, with boisterous streams, home of Blue Mountain Ducks: of deep secluded glens; of sparkling waterfalls; of grassy glades carpeted with Celmisia, whose aromatic scent

1 *Veronica linifolia.* 2 *Celmisia bellidioides.*

Photo—J. J. Kinsey. ON THE TASMAN GLACIER.

fills the air. This plant the shepherds call the Mountain Musk*, and smoke it mingled with tobacco for the fragrance it affords. Remember, too, that these *debris* covered hills, now crumbling away before our eyes, were once ice-clad like those of the Dividing Range, their valleys filled with enormous glaciers, and that from their former sharp peaks and rocky walls is derived the rich alluvial soil of the Canterbury Plain.

Everyone who has visited the mountain district, no matter for how short a time, must have gazed with wondering eyes at the great river terraces, looking for all the world like the railway embankments of a race of giants. Sometimes a quite small river has three or four great terraces on either side. Nowhere can this terrace scenery be better seen than on the West Coast Road.

That which most distinguishes one country from another, giving a local colour to the scenery and influencing in many ways its character, is the vegetation. Details regarding the latter, it is not my province here to supply; suffice it to say that the forests, the shrubs forming thickets on river terrace slopes, the great Mountain Daisies[2] and other plants which fleck the upland meadows with purest whites and softest yellows are nearly all unique, and to be found nowhere else in the world, the remnants indeed of a far greater vegetation, which spread eons ago over the great continent, of which, as Captain Hutton teaches us, this island is but a relic. Surely some great effort should be made to protect these remarkable plants from a destruction that not only threatens but has overtaken many. Far from human habitations, at the sources of the Rakaia and its tributaries, grows an enormous and lovely Buttercup, its stems more than a foot in height, and bearing twenty to thirty golden yellow flowers. Not only in no other country is this species to be found, but in no other part of New Zealand does it grow. And how appropriate a name for Canterbury's most unique flower is that bestowed upon it by Sir Joseph Hooker, *Ranunculus Godleyanus*—Godley's Buttercup—a monument to the

* *Celmisia discolor*, *Cel. incana* and *Cel. Sinclairii*.
2 Celmisias of various species, notably *Cel. coriacea*.

Photo. J. J. Kinsey.

MT. DARWIN (9715 FEET) AND DARWIN GLACIER, TASMAN GLACIER.

Mt Darwin has been climbed once only, on 22nd March, 1894, by Dr Kronecker, T. C. Fyfe and Jack Clark (guide).

memory of that great leader far more lasting than any raised by hand of man.

The colour of a mountain side may depend upon its vegetation, the familiar beech forest is dark and gloomy, but how much in keeping with the stern beauty of the mountains which it clothes. Masses of Ribbonwood will give a pale green hue to a portion of a hillside, while a neighbouring portion may for hundreds of feet be brown with the Needle-leaved Heath[1], and above this the slopes be silvery with Celmisia. One of the most beautiful floral sights I ever saw was near the saddle at the north branch of the River Poulter, where acres of the hillside were dazzlingly white with the large-flowered Mountain Marguerite[2]. A pinkish-flowered Veronica[3] often forms a pleasing contrast to the bare rocky faces on which it grows. At a certain season of the year the beech trees are brilliant with bunches of flaming Mistletoe, and then might be mistaken for the crimson Rata of certain regions. The lower plants also play a most prominent part in Nature's colouring. Lichens of many hues—some brilliant as tropical orchids—hang from trunks of trees, others cover rocks with silver or gold even on the bleakest mountain, or paint the stony river bed manifold colours. In moist woods are fungi, sometimes scarlet or blue, while another species covers with a brilliant red the rocks of foaming torrents.

I do not know whether geographically the Hanmer Plains District is in Canterbury, but recently, so far as all administration is concerned, it has been added to our province, therefore it seems part of my task to say something about its beauties, especially as it is so easy of access to the dwellers in our cities We are usually told, moreover, that there is no scenery at Hanmer. Needless almost to say that this is a fallacy, which may have originated in the fact that Hanmer is primarily a health resort, and so the visitors congregate at the baths and gravitate between them and their various residences for the time being. Mount Captain, Mount Charon, Mount Isabel, Mount Perceval, Miro-Miro, are all fine peaks, from which the most magnificent views can be obtained, especially of the Spenser Mountains and of the peaks of Southern Nelson, with their strange

1 *Dracophyllum* 2 *Senecio scorzoneroides.* 3 *Veronica Raoulii.*

Photo. J. J. Kinsey MULLER GLACIER (view taken from the Sealey Range).

mixture of names, *e.g.*, Faerie Queene, Billhook Peak, Mount Una, Black Serpent's Tail, Mount Guinevere, Mount Hatless, &c., this last a most suggestive name.

The Hanmer Mountains are all pierced by streams, and up each stream are charming spots. The waterfall on the front of Mount Isabel should be visited by all who do not fear a scramble. On Jack's Pass and Jollie's Pass masses of Celmisias and other beautiful plants may be seen. The Waiau Gorge, near the bridge, has splendid rock scenery, while the view from the garden of the accommodation house near by, with the turbid Waiau and its island far below, and the broad yellow plain flanked by noble mountains, is extremely beautiful. The scenery as viewed from the coach road is in many places very pleasing, especially where it follows the bank of the Waiau.

I have only touched on a few of the beauty spots of Canterbury. A long holiday might be spent every year during a long lifetime in wandering amongst our mountains, visiting a fresh spot each time, and even then not nearly the whole would have been seen. There are yet many places where the foot of man has never trod, and many more even in comparatively settled districts have been penetrated by no one save shepherds and musterers while engaged in their toilsome work. The Government has done much to open up the sights of beauty to the tourist, but the work is one of great extent, and in most cases can be little remunerative at first, but there is no outlay that is more certain to pay in the long run. To quote the words of the Surveyor-General, Mr. Percy Smith :—

"Estimates made by people who have opportunities of gauging its volume make the sum annually spent in New Zealand by visitors over £100,000 in hard cash, besides the indirect contributions to the Customs revenue. . . . We are in the very early stages of this traffic; its future proportions no one can foresee, but it is not at all rash to predict that ere the first half of the twentieth century shall have passed our annual visitors will equal in number the present population of New Zealand."

When we bear in mind that the length of time occupied by the voyage between our land and other countries is bound to be enormously reduced, and that other factors

will possibly come into play, so as to increase speed of travel, of which we know nothing, the above prophecy does not seem at all extravagant. At any rate, since the stream of tourist traffic is sure to swell to very large proportions, surely we in Canterbury should do our utmost to cause as large a volume as possible to flow in our direction. We have available for ordinary tourist traffic at present Mount Cook, the West Coast Road District, and Hanmer. Much remains to be done in developing these without touching other places as yet. The New Zealand Government, with wise forethought, has taken one step in the right direction, in that the Mount Cook region was some time ago proclaimed a National Park. I believe that the request of the Christchurch Beautifying Association is also going to be granted, and that soon the mountains, valleys, and glaciers of the upper Waimakiriri, including Lake Minchin, will be gazetted another National Park. It remains for us to see that this grand heritage must never be damaged, that its forests must be protected from fire, and its unique plants and animals from spoliation. One great step in this direction will be to educate our children to prize such possessions and to know and feel that any damage inflicted on them is sinful. Apart from the monetary value of our scenery, that which is indirect is equally precious. Mountains are the noblest recreation ground, the finest school for physical and moral training, a source of perfect health to those who visit them, and the place of all places for enlarging our minds by the study of nature in Nature's greatest laboratory.

Printed by Whitcombe and Tombs Limited, Christchurch—63879

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
305 De Neve Drive - Parking Lot 17 • Box 951388
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90095-1388
Return this material to the library from which it was borrowed.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 001 028 585 6

Univers
Sout
Libr